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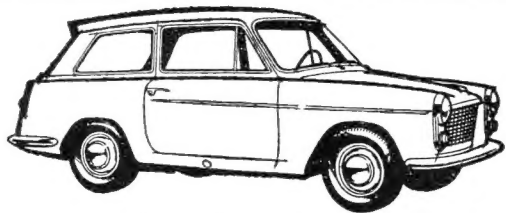
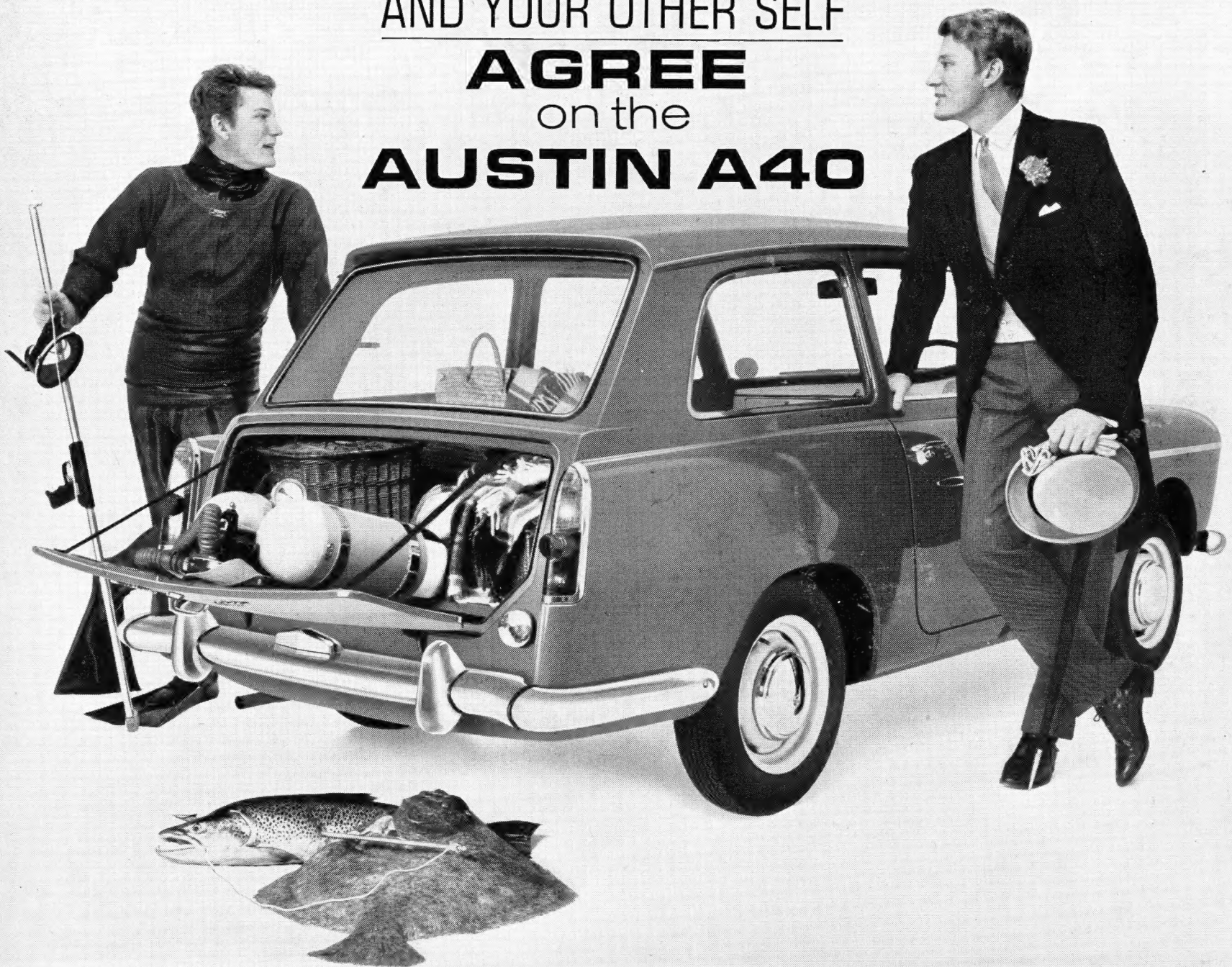
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Vol. 31, No. 5

August 28, 1961

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ABBREVIATIONS: BOT., BOTTOM; EXC., EXCEPT; LT., LEFT; B.S., BLACK STAR



THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY

He barks and buzzes, he ticks and whistles, but can the dolphin learn to talk? Photographed for LIFE by Flip Schulke. The dialogues of dolphins. By Dr. John C. Lilly

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THE EDITORS' CHOICE

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It was becoming a classic picture: the crowds filing through Red Square, the stiff line of Red bosses along the top of the Lenin Mausoleum, and in the middle of the line the "cosmonaut" hero. This time there were two; beside uniformed Yuri Gagarin, who had stood here after orbiting the earth in April, was a new hero of the space age, Major Gherman Stepanovich Titov (*seventh to left of balloon*), who had just whirled 17 times around the earth in a similar space capsule. Citing the Soviets' success in space, Premier Khrushchev threatened the world with all the horrors of nuclear missiles if he could not have his way over Berlin. Thus, behind the peaceful scene in Moscow lay the grim realization that the age of space is also the age of the nuclear missile, and that in this age the Russians had a clear advantage.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

THE ART OF DIPLOMACY

HAYTER

Sirs:

I have read with interest Sir William Hayter's excellent series on diplomacy. It is a pity he thought it necessary to mar it by throwing in some quite irrelevant and highly partisan comments about Suez. Just so your readers may not get the wrong impression I should like to register that there are still millions who disagree with Hayter and will deplore his disloyalty to his old chief, Eden.

E. H. C. LEATHER, M.P.

Bath, Somerset, England

► Sir William referred to Suez as a "crazy gamble."—ED.

Sirs:

The manner in which Sir William Hayter attempts to assure his readers of the inability of Russian diplomats to understand "the real character, motives and feelings of the foreign countries" indicates an obvious contrast in his mind with what we can only assume he feels to be so vastly superior, namely, our Western insight into others' problems. If this contrast really does exist in his mind, what excuse does he offer for the West's belated recognition of Arab and Latin American feelings of nationalism and self-determination? Are these not two examples of the Reds' seeing, and exploiting, the situation more clearly than we may yet have recognized it?

I imagine there are at least as many Western diplomats who fear the dangers of our underestimating Soviet diplomacy as there are those who fear our overestimating it.

L. G. WADE

Stocksund, Sweden

Sirs:

On page 82 of the June 19 issue you publish a picture of President Kennedy welcoming—according to your caption—President Bourguiba to the White House. I am pretty sure that the guests are President Constantine Karamanlis of Greece and his very charming wife Amalia.

Errare humanum est!

CHRISTOPHER A. HADZOPOULOS

Athens, Greece

► LIFE International was too human. Reader Hadzopoulos is correct, and the scene was Greece's Washington embassy (see cut below).—ED.

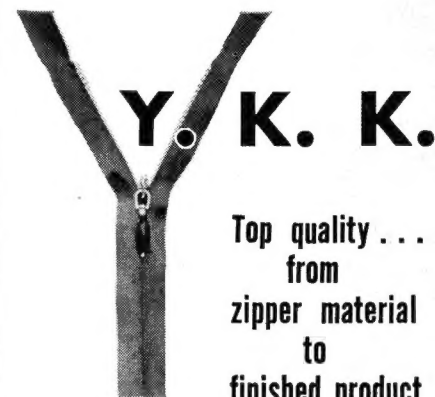


THE KENNEDYS AND THE KARAMANLISES

ITALY AND THE REDS

Sirs:

Herbert Kubly in "North Italy's Boom" (LIFE International, June 5) writes: "Italy's Communist party has



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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

been mainly a protest movement against the power-entrenched, Vatican-supported Christian Democrats." Of course, the Italians who vote Christian Democratic have behind them the prayers of our old dear Pope and the halberds of his 50 Swiss guards. But, the anticlericalists who vote Communist have behind them the power of Moscow, that is to say, the most efficient organization for the conquest of the world with tanks, missiles and atomic bombs.

GIAN PIERO GALEFFI

Milan, Italy

Sirs:

I think that the growth of Communist votes is not a reaction of traditional anticlerical spirit, but a reaction against corruption, inability and demagoguery of the Christian Democrats' government. The Christian Democrats direct Italy with medieval minds. In this country with too many churches and too few schools they are the best propagandists of the Communist party.

GUGLIELMO SENESI

Rome, Italy

TIZARD VS. LINDEMANN

Sirs:

Having read the most interesting article by C. P. Snow in your May 22 issue, I cannot help but criticize the opinion of the author.

Although I know nothing of the lives of Tizard and Lindemann except for this essay, it seems to me rather strange that Tizard should be "upright, intelligent, dutiful . . ." whilst Churchill's adviser and friend should strike one as "uncomfortable, savage, suspicious, malevolent. . . ." Given that Lindemann made a mistake about the value of developing radar, can one also condemn him for suggesting the bombing of German cities? Aerial bombardment of German towns may indeed turn out to have been the final remedy against German militarism.

DR. D. O. E. GEBHARDT

Bilthoven, Netherlands

KUALA LUMPUR

Sirs:

As a priest attached to the "sedate St. John's Cathedral" mentioned by Han Suyin in her article on Kuala Lumpur (LIFE International, March 27) and which was, according to her, "built by convict labor," may I point out that the cathedral did not have such picturesque beginnings?

I am afraid the contractor who built St. John's in 1954 will have had rather a rude shock in reading this description of his labor.

C. BARRETEAU

Kuala Lumpur, Malaya

EDITORIAL

Sirs:

I want to congratulate you on the excellent Editorial "We Must Win the Cold War" (LIFE International, June 19). It is such an outstanding article that I had photostatic copies made and sent them to friends. I hope that many millions of people will read it—and let us also hope that among them are the men who are responsible for making the necessary decisions.

HELMUTH W. FREY

Neckarsulm, Württemberg,
West Germany

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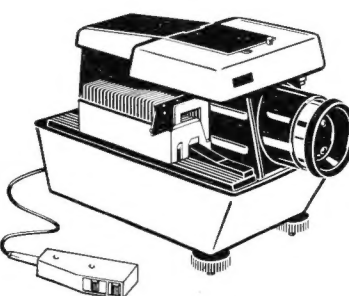
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SEER SEES ALMOST EVERYTHING

by STANLEY KARNOW



Buddhist monk, Acharn (*right*), looks for future in client's hand

Before moving to the Far East a couple of years ago, I tended to take a rather casual approach to the supernatural. In Asia, however, it is almost impossible to avoid constant communion with the occult.

In one way or another just about everyone in the Orient is continually concerned with astrology, cosmology, numerology, phrenology, physiognomy, palmistry, the hidden meaning of moles and the deeper significance of sneezes. Interest is widespread in ghosts and phantoms, in the shape of the moon, in magic formulas of herbs, potions and salves, and in a formidable, pervasive and often puzzling collection of good and malevolent spirits which must, depending on circumstances, be wooed, nourished, mollified or frightened away.

There is simply no way to escape it. To drive the demons out of his house, a Hong Kong neighbor blasts off \$100 worth of firecrackers under your window. An Indonesian acquaintance turns up a day late for an appointment because the scheduled hour was not propitious. In Rangoon not long ago a witness was brought to a homicide trial to testify that the defendant was seen inviting demons into Exhibit A, the murder weapon. The premier of Laos, Prince Boun Oum of Champassak, is proud of his *luk krok*—a charm supposedly made from a human foetus—which is said to render him invisible.

To the Asian the supernatural is quite natural. Indeed, an Oriental businessman consulting his soothsayer resembles nothing so much as an American corporation executive asking his lawyer for tax advice.

A few months ago I had the opportunity to accompany a couple of Thai friends on what was, for them, a typical excursion in clairvoyance. Partners in a prosperous Bangkok importing firm, Virote and Swasdi were planning to drive 60 miles to the town of Choburi, on the Gulf of

Siam, for a routine check on their futures. They were going, they explained, to see Acharn, a celebrated Buddhist monk whose supernatural powers were known far and wide. Would I care to go along?

Buddhism is a tolerant faith, and for Acharn to engage in a bit of extracurricular soothsaying was not at all heretical. On the contrary, my friends pointed out, the good monk was "gaining merit" toward nirvana by helping people, and he was visited regularly by important Thai politicians, businessmen and army officers. They never paid for his services, since the Buddhist clergy does not handle money. But they presented him with wrist watches, cigaret lighters, fountain pens and other gifts.

A business contact turns up missing

We started out late in the afternoon. This was not the first time Virote and Swasdi had gone to see Acharn. About a year ago, for instance, they had been invited to tender bids for a government purchase of equipment to be used in a radio-telephone network. They wrote a confidential letter to the head of a large British electronics firm for which they acted as agents, inviting him to join in the deal. More than a fortnight passed without an answer. The clairvoyant Acharn was called upon, and after a decent interval of meditation he reported: "I cannot find your man anywhere. He is not in his office. Perhaps he has gone on a trip."

It turned out that the British executive had died suddenly about three weeks before.

When Acharn first met Virote years ago, his assorted astrological, cosmological and palmistic calculations told him that here was a salesman who needed a flashy automobile, a leather brief case and a confident attitude.

Virote thereupon acquired a huge air-conditioned Oldsmobile.

Soon afterward, however, the car attracted another businessman who offered Virote a good price for it. Torn between the monk's warning and the tempting profit, Virote surrendered to money. He sold the Oldsmobile.

Next day Virote was lolling in the garden of his house in a comfortable suburb of Bangkok when Acharn appeared at the gate. He had come all the way from Choburi by bus, and he was visibly upset. "Why did you sell the big car?" he asked impatiently.

Virote was not in the least startled that the monk somehow knew of the sale. "But think of the money I made," he explained.

"No matter," replied Acharn. "If you want to prosper, you must give the appearance of prosperity."

The monk insisted that Virote immediately purchase another suitably impressive automobile, a shiny black Mercedes, and this was the car which, that afternoon, was carrying us down the road to Choburi.

It was dark when we turned off the highway and onto a twisting dirt lane that led to the beach. There in the middle of a broad compound was a large open pavilion, a structure of thin columns supporting a curved tile roof adorned with stylized Siamese swan and serpent figures. We drove on another 30 yards to a teakwood house perched high on stilts and then climbed onto the porch lighted by a circular fluorescent tube.

There are, it is roughly estimated, about 200,000 Buddhist monks in Thailand—one for every 100 citizens—and it is not easy to distinguish one from another. Their heads are all shaved close and their robes are all folded in the same ritual fashion. Thus when Acharn came out to meet us he looked very much like every other monk I had seen. He was thin and fragile, and his eyes were clearly tired from long nights of contempla-

tion. I was struck, however, by his youth. A great soothsayer is customarily depicted as a wizened old wizard; Acharn could not have been more than 30. He carried in his hand a round tin of English cigarets and a cigaret lighter engraved with a hunting scene. Virote and Swasdi inclined respectfully to him, and I awkwardly tried to do the same.

Bugs, hissing cats but no spell cast

No overpowering spell was cast upon us, or none I could detect. The mosquitoes were fearsome, and a dozen scrawny cats crawled around the porch, hissing and spitting at each other. Acharn sat cross-legged on the floor, and we took places in wicker chairs. The monk did not seem to notice the bugs. He turned to Swasdi, whom he had not seen for five months, and asked how things were going.

At their last encounter, Acharn had predicted that Swasdi would take a long trip. Swasdi couldn't believe this would happen since he rarely travels. He was then invited by an airline to be their guest on an inaugural flight to Europe and was due to depart in two weeks. The monk took this news in the most matter-of-fact manner and asked what else was new. "Well," said Swasdi, "what are my chances of raising capital in Europe for a hotel laundry service in Bangkok?"

The monk glanced quickly at Swasdi's right palm and asked the date of his birth. Then he reached into his robe and brought out a gold-topped fountain pen. We sat expectantly as he silently jotted down some figures, apparently doing some rapid astral accounting. After a minute or so he looked at Swasdi and said, "If you want capital, look for a man born in the Year of the Pig."

(As I later learned, he went through Europe hunting a financier born in



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REPORT CONTINUED

the 12th year of the 12-year Buddhist cycle, found him in Frankfurt, and negotiations are in progress.)

It was Virote's turn, and he filled in the monk with what sounded like a quarterly financial report. He explained how he had overextended himself importing American air-conditioners, having hoped he would be able to collect outstanding debts to cover the cost of the shipment. But his debtors had been slow, and Virote had needed cash badly. He had gone to Acharn at the time and learned that everything would be all right, and now he was able to tell the monk that, as usual, the prophecy had come true. Virote had been able to get a reasonable loan.

Good clairvoyance cuts the competition

"Good," said Acharn impassively. "Then all worked out well?"

"Not exactly," replied Virote, and he outlined a new problem that had resulted. After covering the cost of his imported air-conditioners, he discovered that a competitor was cutting prices. And here he was stuck with a warehouse full of expensive merchandise. "Should I unload them? What should I do?" he implored.

For some reason the monk neither read Virote's hand nor analyzed his stars nor examined the shape of his head. "Just hold on to your inventory and don't worry," he said sharply. "You'll sell it all."

(Which is precisely what happened, as Virote told me later. When the competitor reduced his prices, potential customers grew suspicious that his air-conditioners might be of inferior quality. They preferred to pay more for Virote's product, and he turned over his stock quickly, making a solid killing.)

My own question for the monk did not involve imports, banking contracts or any of the really weighty subjects that Orientals discuss with their fortunetellers. My wife was soon to have a child and I just wanted to know if it would be a boy or a girl.

There was scarcely any expression on Acharn's face when the question was translated for him, but I immediately sensed my *faux pas*. Here I was, facing a great supernatural specialist with the kind of banality reserved for gypsy tea rooms—as if I'd

traveled to Boston to see Dr. Paul Dudley White for a case of measles.

But, like any good expert, the monk insisted on making a full examination before treating my minor problem. He asked my birth date and took out a special conversion table which rendered it into the Buddhist calendar. He jotted down some figures in his notebook. Then he took my left hand and ran his fingers over the topography of my palm, not looking at lines but probing the mounds and creases. He dwelt for a long time on the area below my thumb, as if he were feeling a pulse inside it. He let it go. I awaited a pronouncement, but instead he scribbled some more figures, stopping from time to time to count on his fingers.

Finally after these lengthy calculations Acharn announced that I was not, like my friends, a businessman. I was, he described quite accurately, engaged in "propagating information to the public."

(But how about the baby?)

"Ah, I see a lawsuit within a year," the monk rambled on as if he were reading something from the numbers in his notebook. "Perhaps not costly. Very difficult to tell."

(Will it be a boy or a girl?)

"No serious family trouble," he continued, "and good health until, well, maybe an illness at 50, but recovery and long life. Now about your profession—"

(I really don't care which it is, but I'd just like to know—)

"—it would not be advisable to change it, at least for the present." He paused. But before I could repeat my question, he asked sharply, "When are you going home?"

"Tuesday," I replied.

"You should go on Monday," he said.

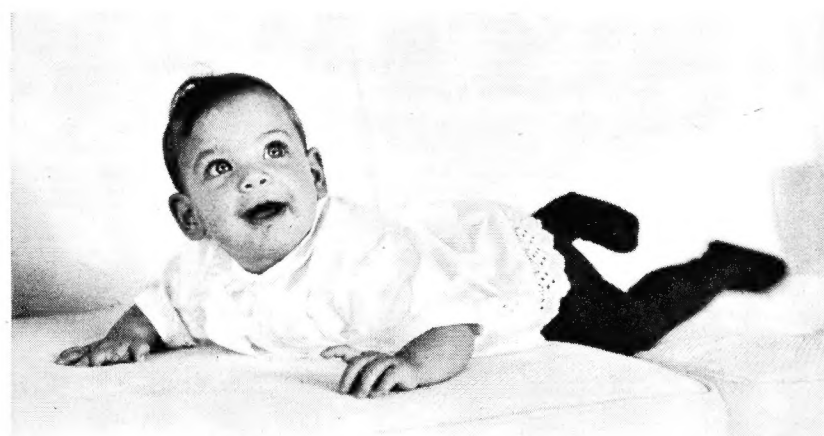
"But I have an important appointment on Monday," I objected. "I can't make the plane."

"You will go on Monday," he said.

Finally getting to the heart of the matter, he added, "It will be a boy." He scratched more numbers with his pen. "Yes, a boy," he muttered.

The monk's clairvoyance was truly remarkable. The Monday plane arrived three hours late, which gave me ample time to keep my appointment and get home as he predicted.

As for the baby, it turned out to be a bouncing, blue-eyed little girl. We call him Catherine Anne.



A solitary example of soothsayer's unclear clairvoyance, Catherine Anne Karnow arrived as a girl last year instead of predicted boy.

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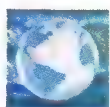
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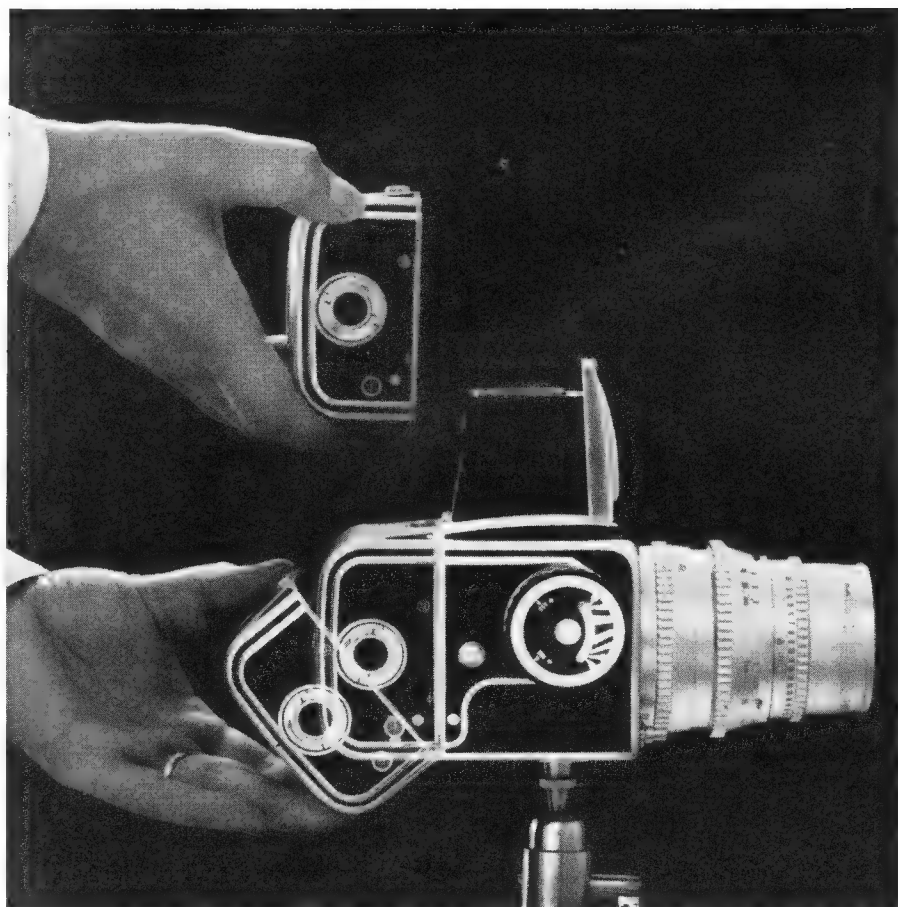
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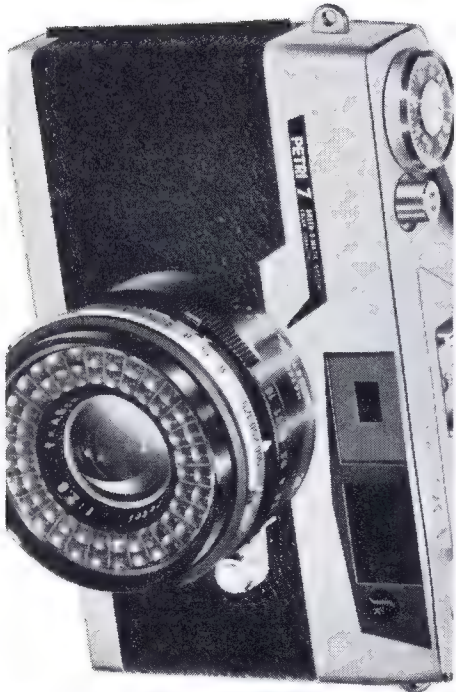
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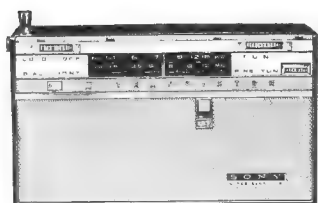




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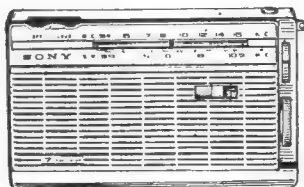
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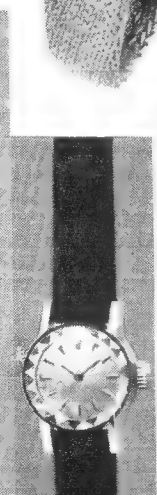
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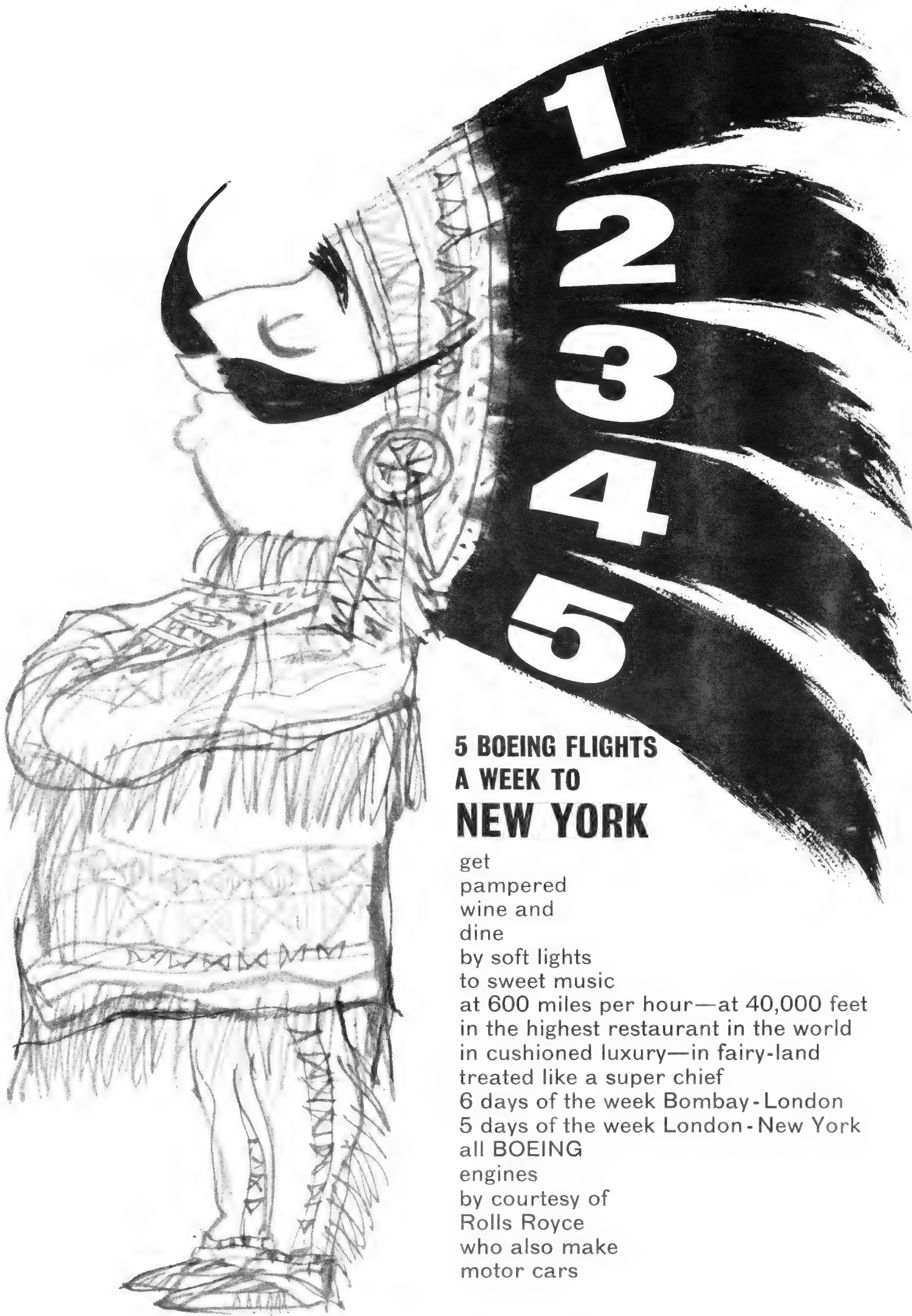
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AIR-INDIA



Past memories, active present ensure a busy future

Few people alive today can claim to have sat upon the knee of an old warrior who had fought at the battle of Waterloo. Fewer still could personally recall the incident. One of the few is Sir Compton MacKenzie, novelist, poet and playwright; historian, essayist, broadcaster, journalist and wit. He can remember everything of consequence in a crowded and eventful life from eight *months* onward.

Sir Compton will be eighty on January 17th 1963. He aims to celebrate the occasion by issuing the first octave of an autobiography planned eventually to run for no less than ten volumes. It should make enthralling reading. Born into a famous theatrical family, outstandingly successful author at twenty-eight, Sir Compton has rubbed shoulders with great men and great events all his life.

For all that, his own tastes are essentially simple. The great loves of his life are islands and houses, books, flowers, trees and music, good company,

good food and good whisky. All these things figure prominently in his works. Around whisky, for example, he fashioned the plot of one of his funniest and most famous books, *Whisky Galore*. This uproarious and lawless account of the fate of a cargo of whisky contained in a ship wrecked on an Hebridean island, is founded strictly on fact.

At one time, Sir Compton lived on the isle of Barra and witnessed the stranding of the steamer *Politician* with just such a cargo. To the great and lasting benefit of his palate, he was able to sample dozens of different whiskies salvaged from the wreck. He liked best *Grant's Standfast*, and he has stood fast to it ever since. He makes his home in Edinburgh. A Regency house in the district known as *New Town*; presumably so called because it was built only 150 years ago! In his quiet, book-lined study, a glass of the scotch whisky he favours warms the memories of that eventful past, adds piquancy to the present and helps shape plans for the busy future.

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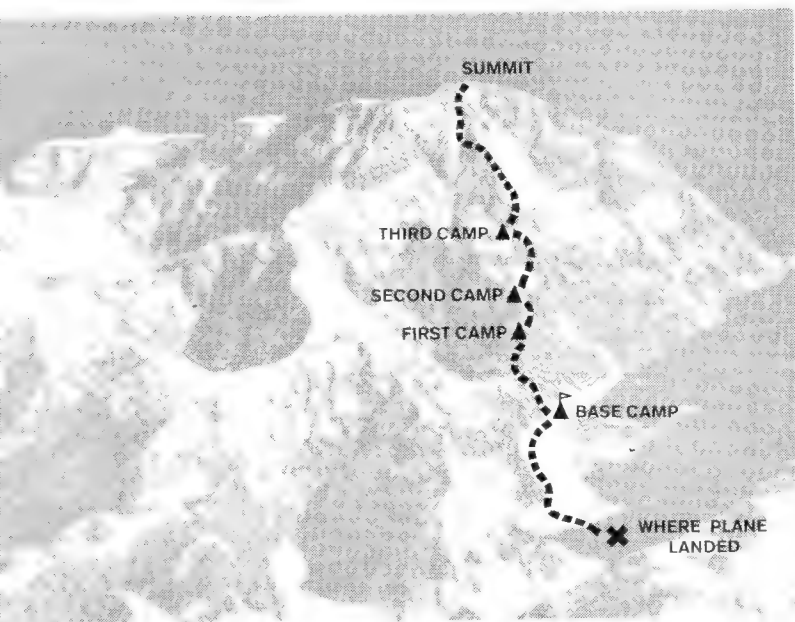
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make a record-breaking dive



THE CONQUEST OF 'DEVIL'S CREATION'

The loftiest peak in North America, Mount McKinley towers 20,320 feet above the Alaskan tundra. On its upper reaches, snow falls almost perpetually, winds rage with a violence unmatched even in Asia's Karakorams, and summer temperatures fall as low as 40° below zero Fahrenheit. Of the grim challenges the mountain presents to climbers, the South Wall is the most defiant: In a mile and a half, it rises 10,000 feet—its granite and ice broken only by two or three short stretches where a man may pause to rest and catch his breath.

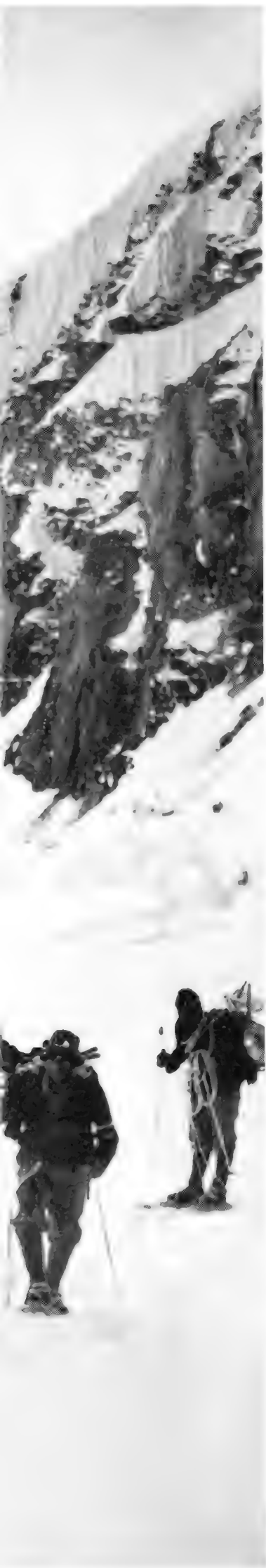
This summer, six Italians led by Riccardo Cassin (*preceding page, right*) set out not only to conquer the South Wall but to climb it by an extremely difficult route that had never been attempted before. From the start, disaster was rarely more than a footstep away. The cold was intense: men hardly dared to take off their gloves, and food froze even at the Base Camp. It snowed almost incessantly and the wind threatened to carry off the firmly rooted tents. Watching with Annibale Zucchi (*preceding page, left*) as scouts groped blindly for possible routes upward, Cassin wrote in his diary (*pp. 21, 22*): "This mountain is truly the Devil's creation." On July 19, exactly two torture-filled weeks after they had set up the base camp, they reached the summit. Too cold to talk, they threw their arms around each other, planted the flags of Italy, of the Italian city of Lecco and of two Italian alpine clubs beside those of the U.S. and Alaska. After only 15 minutes they started down. As often happens, the descent was worse than the ascent. Giancarlo Canali, his feet frozen, became seriously ill and it appeared he might not survive. Romano Perego and Luigi Airolidi suffered frostbite. In 15 days on the wall, they had only three of passable weather. But all got down safely—three of them to go into hospitals. Mount McKinley's South Wall had been conquered without fatalities. On these pages, LIFE International presents exclusive photographs of the great adventure, taken by Leader Cassin before his cameras froze, and excerpts from the diary that he kept during his high and harrowing adventure.



THE NEW, UNTRIED ROUTE. From base camp at 11,400 feet, four-hour walk from where plane had landed them, party followed most difficult route (*dotted line*).



TEAM MOVES UP. Carrying supplies from glacier to base camp, party snowshoes in. From left, an American friend, helping out, and Perego, Canali, Airolidi and Zucchi.



WALL OF SNOW. Using fixed rope held by a piton, Zucchi mounts the nearly vertical face of a crevasse above second camp. At the top he encountered an ice field.

CONTINUED





ROPE WORK. Using fixed ropes, along which the climbing device called a *carabiner* slides with ease, Luigi Airoidi (*above and right*) hauls himself toward notch.

LEG WORK. His feet spread wide, his back burdened with a 30-pound pack, Annibale Zucchi makes his way up a chimney by the friction technique, in rare good weather.



CONTINUED



THE PATH OF GIANTS. Huge footprints in the deep snow mark the trail as one of the alpinists surmounts a cone-like spur, which is easier to climb than to go around.

DIARY OF A TRIUMPH AND ITS PAINFUL PRICE

During the grim days on Mount McKinley Riccardo Cassin managed to keep a brief diary. Excerpts:

JULY 7, BASE CAMP. This mountain is truly the Devil's creation. It has been snowing for four days. The unbroken slabs of vertical granite are often covered with *verglas* and snow. The cold is intense. We dare not remove our gloves, save when the climbing is unusually difficult.

JULY 8. I decide that Zucchi, Perego and myself should go up in search of a route from the notch to the edge of the spur. But we are almost always enveloped in the fog and grope blindly.

JULY 10, BASE CAMP. About 8:30 yesterday evening Airoldi, Alippi and Canali got back despite a storm. They found a route that promised to lead to the edge of the spur. Were it not so, we might not be able to continue.

By night the wind is unsparing. It has been snowing again since 4:00 p.m.

JULY 17. Towards 5:00 p.m. the snow stops and the storm calms down a bit. We do not lose a minute. All of us leave at once for Camp 2, carrying food and equipment. We climb on two separate ropes, three men to each rope. Weighted down like beasts of burden we climb for three hours, finally arriving at Camp 2.

JULY 18. The weather has taken a turn for the better. We leave very early, carrying two tents, food and other supplies. While we are climbing towards Camp 3 we see Sheldon's plane. Several times he flies close to our position on the wall, presumably to encourage us.

At about 7:00 p.m. we arrive at the site selected for Camp 3. We set up the tents in freezing winds.

JULY 19. Today we shall set out for the summit. We split up our loads as fairly as possible.

At approximately 10:00 p.m. an airplane passes over us twice and then flies off. I believe that the temperature is 20-40° F. below zero. Canali complains that his feet are cold. The summit cannot be far away now.

At 11:00 p.m., almost in darkness, we attain the summit. We throw our arms about each other. The icy wind prevents us from opening our mouths to speak. But our eyes speak for our mouths.

We unfurl the flags of Italy, the United States, the State of Alaska, the city of Lecco, our Association of Ragni (spiders) and the Italian Alpine Club, tying them all to an ice piton which we drive into the summit.

But we must descend again directly. Alippi, I, Canali, Perego, Airoldi and Zucchi, in this order. We take our leave of the summit after spending barely 15 minutes atop it.

Canali is not well. I ask him what's wrong and he fails to answer. He begins to vomit, although he has had nothing to eat for 17 hours.

Once off the rocks immediately beneath the summit, we enter the steep *couloir*, roped together.

Suddenly I hear scuffling behind

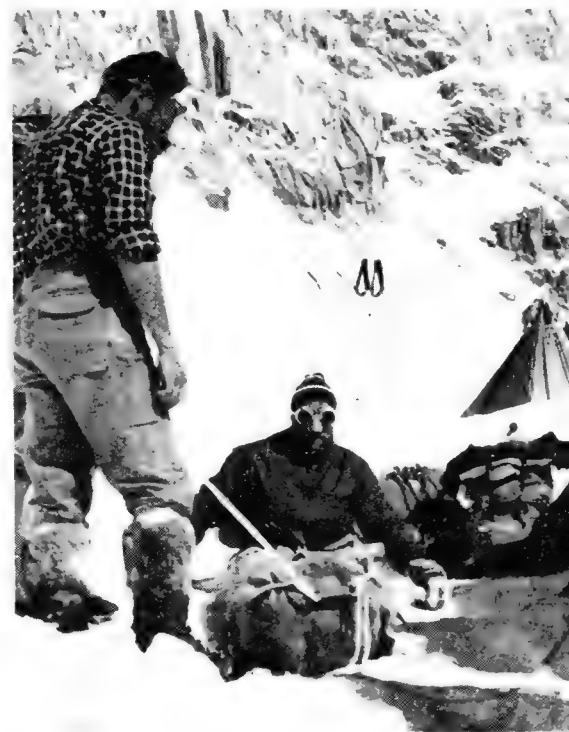


RUGGED AND READY. Before the climb, Canali adds a wolfskin hood (on shoulder) to his parka of Lilion.

me. I turn and see Canali falling down the *couloir*. I plunge my ice-ax into the hard snow, whip the rope once quickly around it and bring Canali to a halt. Nothing gives, and I hold him on belay only a short distance from me. He is on the point of vomiting again. I change our order on the rope. I remain last with Canali close to me. Several times during the descent of this steep *couloir*, I must prevent him from slipping.

We reach the base of the *couloir* and begin the traverse to Camp 3. To go more quickly we decide to abandon a number of our pitons. I offer

CONTINUED



CRIPPLED BUT TRIUMPHANT. His feet frozen, Canali sits patiently on a sled as Perego hovers by him.

Canali a couple of vitamin tablets but he refuses them and continues to complain of the terrible freezing sensation in his feet.

The wind continues to harangue us without respite and the snow begins to fall again. The storm is becoming more and more violent, and we reach Camp 3 at 6:00 a.m. (July 20), almost exhausted.

JULY 20. While the others prepare something to eat, I massage Canali's feet. His pains sharpen. Outside the tent there is nothing but snow and icy wind, which continue all day. To remain much longer at this height would be extremely dangerous. We go a few paces beyond the tent, but are soon convinced that to descend under such conditions is suicide.

JULY 21. Canali can no longer get into his shoes. There is now no alternative for him but to change to a pair of boots lined with reindeer fur; but it is impossible to attach crampons to such boots.

Both for Canali and for his companions on the same rope, to go on in this manner is bound to be extremely difficult. Yet there is no alternative. Every step there is the danger of slipping. Canali's efforts at this point are superhuman.

In this way we finally reach the glacier half way down the wall.

Alippi, who has given his reindeer-skin boots to Canali, is now shod in four pairs of woolen socks, and he too, unable to use crampons, must submit to a continuous martyrdom.

At one point, as I stand close to Perego in an effort to ease Alippi down a slope, the latter suddenly slips and all but drags the three of us down the wall. Fortunately he falls onto soft snow.

The condition of Canali worries me greatly. The snow is still falling heavily, but the wind has died. Visibility is zero and our tracks upward are concealed by fresh snow. At this point

the spur is extremely steep and narrow, and on both sides the slope falls off perpendicularly. We are forced to grope for foot and handholds under the snow. Fortunately these suffice. We descend with the utmost caution. The effort is killing. At long last we arrive at Camp 1, done in. We know that Base Camp means salvation yet Canali's condition is such that we cannot proceed a step further.

We stop. But our difficulties are not over. None of the provisions left at this camp can be eaten without being heated and our stoves no longer function. After a great while we succeed in melting a liter of snow.

I set to work massaging Canali's feet. The drugs that I have given him begin to work and his pain increases. At Base Camp we have everything, but we are too exhausted to go there. We attempt to sleep, but Canali moans throughout the night.

JULY 22. Early in the morning I crawl out of the tent. It is still snowing and the wind is as icy as ever. But by 11:00 a.m. I can no longer tarry. Either we descend to Base Camp today or it is likely that Canali will succumb.

The fixed ropes that we left during our ascent are covered by snow and ice. On the slabs immediately above the *couloir* where we began our assault I lose a crampon; but at last we reach the *couloir*.

Halfway down this final *couloir* a mass of snow, much larger than what we've become accustomed to, descends on me by surprise while I'm holding on to the rope. I succeed in maintaining my position, but for sometime afterwards I can do no more than hang there, too stunned to speak or move.

Finally we reach the base of the *couloir*, literally covered with snow and obliged, no less, to swim in even more snow.

At 7:00 p.m. we are again at Base Camp, too tired to appreciate our good fortune. At last we are in a position to quench the terrible thirst that has tormented us for so long. Canali is now suffering unabatedly and, once in the tent, we try our best to comfort him, yet can do little.

The sun reappears at last. But I cannot stop thinking about the remaining climbers whom I fail to see descending from Camp 2. It is nearly nightfall when Canali informs me that he hears voices. I rush out from the tent and see that all three have finally reached the base of the *couloir*. An hour later we all exchange embraces at Base Camp.

JULY 24. We take Canali by improvised sled to the landing area in the hope that Sheldon will arrive soon in order to fly Canali to Anchorage. Midway we hear the engine of his plane. We carry Canali to the plane, which takes off for Anchorage.

JULY 25. I finally reach Talkeetna at 7:50 p.m. in Sheldon's plane and immediately bathe and get into fresh clothes. I have not done so since June 24, and it is with some astonishment that I discover that I am not filthier than I actually am.



SAFE AT LAST. Canali is borne from plane by Pilot Don Sheldon on way to Anchorage hospital.



BESET BY THE ELEMENTS. Waiting out wind and snow, Airoldi, Canali and Alippi briefly face storm.



ADVENTURE CONTINUED

**Deep in the dark waters
of Lake Maggiore,
a young Swiss inventor
and a LIFE editor
use a secret method
to set a world's record**



Artist's version of moment when Keller and MacLeish stopped, 728 feet from the surface, shows details of equipment and diving rig. Tanks (*foreground*) hold special gas mixtures. Figurine lashed to tank is plastic mermaid mascot.



Pulling hard on thin cable that was diving platform's only support, crew on raft steps up tempo as divers pass midpoint of their return trip.

DOWN IN THE DEEPEST DIVE, UP IN AN HOUR

by KENNETH MacLEISH

AT 4:45 a.m. the bronze bell in the square stone tower across the way meted out five ear-shattering strokes, sending a swarm of swifts wheeling and squealing in the bright morning. I dived under a pillow until the tolling ended. Shut up, I said to the bell. Not for me, not today.

Beyond the slate-thatched roofs of the Swiss town of Brissago I could see Lake Maggiore. For the first time in four days there was no haze over the water and no rain. The sky shone pale and clean above the ragged peak-rimmed horizon and Maggiore was calm with small glittering ripples. It looked good. If the wind stayed down it would be fine and we could do what we had come to do. Hannes Keller, a young Swiss mathematician, and I, as an observer, would try to set a record by going deeper under water than any diver had gone before. We would go down 700 feet or a bit more. That much was certain. As Keller said, "Anybody can go *down*." We would almost certainly come up again, too. But, said Keller, we would come back up in only one hour and hit the surface alive, well and without any symptoms of the bends, that crippling, sometimes fatal decompression sickness. On this crucial point there was considerable doubt, particularly in the minds of scientists and specialists in diving techniques. And with good reason.

According to the rules that govern current diving practice, our dive and our safe return from it within such a short time were impossible. The human body is about 60 to 70% water, and water is practically incompressible. This means that most of the body is pressure proof. But the lungs, sinuses and middle ear spaces would collapse under pressure without internal support.

That support is provided by the diver's breathing apparatus, which delivers air to the lungs and other air spaces at a pressure equal to that of the water around him.

Breathing air under pressure, however, creates two hazards of its own: nitrogen narcosis, the dangerous and much publicized "rapture of the depths," and the bends. Below about 33 feet certain gases are absorbed by the body. One of them—nitrogen according to most scientists, carbon dioxide according to Keller—produces an intoxicating effect which varies directly with depth. The bends, too, are caused when inert gas saturates the blood and tissues but usually do not occur until the diver returns to the surface. If his return is made too quickly for the absorbed gas to be removed from the body, bubbles form. The bubbles increase in size until they obstruct arteries and veins, and even lodge in the joints, spinal cord and brain causing intense pain, paralysis and sometimes death.

**Going down is
easy, coming
up is tricky**

Narcosis is no longer a major problem for professional and military divers, who use a mixture of helium and oxygen instead of air. With this mixture they are not likely to suffer narcosis at the maximum depths they reach—about 400 feet. But the bends are still a threat. Helium does go into the blood and tissues and will form bubbles if the diver's ascent, and thus his decompression, is not slow enough to permit it to be eliminated. The deeper the dive, the longer decompression must be. The previous world's record dive of 600 feet was made in 1956 with

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a helium-oxygen mixture by a Royal Navy boatswain named George Wookey. He required 12 hours of decompression time. Keller's plan to hit 700 feet and surface within one hour seemed fairly radical.

Keller had gone far toward proving his revolutionary and still secret method by submitting himself to great pressure in laboratory tanks in Toulon and Washington. Both the French and American navies were impressed and interested. But since Keller would not (and will not) reveal the combination of gases he uses or the highly complicated mathematical tables which determine their use, there were still some skeptics. A knowledgeable and open-minded Navy friend of mine said, "He does it all right, but God only knows how. And we don't know if it will work for other people. No one has ever tried his system."

If our dive succeeded, that last question, at least, would be answered. Keller was sure it would succeed, and I was as confident as a man could reasonably be at 4:45 in the morning, which is a pretty timid time of day, especially before breakfast. I reminded myself that if I did not have faith in Keller, I wouldn't be here. With that specious bit of logic in mind, I went down for coffee.

Hannes Keller is the only man I know who drinks Coke for breakfast. It is perhaps as good a symbol as one could find of his unconventional, offbeat nature. At 26 he is a sturdy, medium-sized young man with a crew cut, half-rimmed glasses, a snub nose and a wide expressive mouth suitable for grinning. He can look like an earnest young professor or a junior relative of the Great God Pan. As a young man at school in Switzerland he was a bad student except where his interest was aroused. Mathematics aroused it and he became a mathematics teacher. But his work never satisfied him. Then three years ago someone told him about scuba diving—diving with a self-contained underwater breathing apparatus. The sport appealed to his fancy, so he built his own rig. "It worked very bad," he says. But its deficiencies lured him into a study

of diving problems. He got deeper and deeper into them. "Today," he says, "I think diving is just my life."

He took his first ideas to Dr. Albert Bühlmann, a physiologist at the University of Zurich. Bühlmann was interested although, to Keller's delight, he knew nothing whatever about diving. They started out with the theory that perhaps nitrogen narcosis isn't caused by nitrogen at all. To prove it Keller went down 400 feet in a primitive rig made out of a gasoline barrel that cost \$1. He made it on a mixture of 95% nitrogen and 5% oxygen. The rig nearly killed him but the mixture itself worked

fine. The theory about nitrogen was proved, at least to his satisfaction.

A test for the math

and the mix

Then Keller and Bühlmann began studying decompression problems. With the help of an electronic computer at the IBM center in Zurich,

which saved them two years of work in a few hours, they formulated some 400 secret tables applying to several secret gas mixtures for use at various levels to a depth of 1,312 feet. The mathematics and the mixtures would get their severest test today when Keller and I would provide the vital element of direct human experience under extreme conditions.

Keller picked up his breakfast Coke bottle, cold and sweating from the refrigerator. "Lots of caffeine," he said. "Wakes me up. And look: no bubbles. The gas is in solution. But if we take the pressure off too fast . . ." he pried off the cap and bubbles rushed upward, "then we have trouble." He grinned cheerfully and drank the Coke.

At 6 o'clock the entire crew gathered at the lido, Brissago's clean and pleasant little swimming place. Here the diving "ship" was moored, a big orderly raft laden with strange equipment, stark and ugly in the playground atmosphere. From one end hung a 40-hp outboard engine. At the opposite end was a strong steel frame topped by a large, smooth-

turning pulley wheel from which hung our diving stage, a little platform with metal uprights joined at the top to a steel crossbar. On each side of the platform were three tall gas tanks, lashed vertically to the frame.

On the broad boards of the raft were rows of extra tanks, coils of air hose, cable and rope, a communicators' table with two microphones and two head sets, crates of tools and spares, and the sinister gray cylinder of the emergency recompression chamber, a tubular coffin of steel that could withstand pressures of 80 pounds per square inch. It had a heavy door that could be locked shut in seconds. In case of a decompression accident one or both of us would be rushed into the cylinder and high-pressure air or gas mixtures would be piped in to recompress us. After that the pressure would be reduced slowly. Very slowly. If anything went really wrong, we might have to spend about 35 hours in that length of pipe.

To prepare ourselves for the dive, Keller and I sat in deck chairs at the water's edge breathing deeply from oxygen tanks as the crew went to work. There was just half an hour to go if it stayed calm. To Keller the cloudless sky was ominous, suggestive of wind—and the wind began to rise. It would not have mattered if we had had anchors, but a pair of anchors and the 4,000 feet of cable needed to use them properly would have cost \$500. Keller did not have the money.

When the half hour on oxygen was up, Keller took off his mask and said firmly, smiling, "Now I will make the decision." He walked alone up the slope behind us to a place where he could see up and down Lake Maggiore. He came back, turning his expressive hands over and back to indicate that the diving conditions were still uncertain.

"I think we must wait," he said. "We will dive during the night if we have to. By the way," he added diffidently, "I think I need a paper from you about the dive."

"A release in case something happens? Sure."

"But it doesn't really make any difference. If you don't come up, I don't come up either."

We put away the oxygen lines for the moment and climbed up to the lido's little lunch counter to get coffee. I asked him to run over with me again the things I was allowed to know about his diving method. "I tell you most things," he said, "but I don't tell you what the gas mixtures are, or how we compute each dive." He hesitated a moment.

"But even if I told you what gases we are using for the dive we do today, and even when you know all the timing and gas change levels for this dive, you still would not know the secret. You could repeat exactly the dive we will



Expectant townsfolk of Brissago and a sprinkling of tourists take to rowboats on the lake to watch preparations and witness dive.



Solemn-faced divers sport pink baby bonnets worn for added warmth. Stripe on Keller's suit identified him once helmets hid faces.

do and it would work, but you could not extrapolate for a deeper or a shallower dive. It is this method which is most secret. And we must keep it so because if we give it away, we will not get the money we need to develop it. It will take a lot of money."

He sat back and sipped his coffee, fixing his delighted attention for a moment on a lovely blond girl in a white bikini. Then he got back to business.

"You know that we use several mixtures, and that we begin and end with oxygen. That lets us start fresh, in good condition, and it shortens decompression time coming back. But below 50 feet we use three different mixtures. There is some oxygen in all the mixtures but we reduce the amount at great depths. The greater the pressure, the less oxygen we need. And I promise you that you will not get narcosis, even at 700 feet."

We waited almost four hours and the wind began to ease off. The crew rested in the shade, looking at the vacationers. The vacationers looked at the raft, staring in polite amazement, never getting in the way or touching anything. Keller went back to his observation post at the top of the slope and returned holding out his fist with the thumb down, the signal for descent. He called the crew to the shore and stood in the middle of the beached float with the rest of us around him, giving orders, allocating tasks, repeating the essential steps. Dr. Bühlmann, just in from Zurich, sat staring at the gravel, intent and somber. Behind me the U.S. Navy's official observer, my friend Lieut. Commander Charlie Aquadro, whispered, "I wish that man wouldn't look so doggone worried."

I glanced at Aquadro gloomily. "Thanks for pointing it out, old buddy."

The crew went directly to their work, eight of them remaining ashore to dress us under the trees so that we would not suffer too much from the heat of the midday sun. The outfitting was fast and skillful, the four men around each of us moving with timing and rhythm.

During the practice dives the dressers had worked out a precise system, arranging all our equipment in parallel rows. First, the "wet" suit, the tight-fitting foam-rubber suit that almost all cold-water divers use. Because we were going to be standing still in water that was only four degrees above freezing, the wet suit would not be enough. As we moved down the line of clothing, letting ourselves be handled like rag dolls, the dressers added wool socks, a suit of long underwear with feet on it, a

sweat suit and another pair of socks. Then we got into the "dry" suit, which was a complete covering of rubber-coated cloth, entered through the neck. The dry suit would give no insulation but by keeping our underclothing from getting wet it would increase our ability to stand the cold. The suit had a soft rubber helmet with mask and mouthpiece built in. By exhaling into the suit rather than out through the mouthpiece we could make it buoyant at any depth. In total darkness, where there would be no way of knowing which way was up, that could be important.

The two dressing groups finished at the same moment, leaving us free of headgear but otherwise swaddled and waterproofed. Also airproofed. The heat began to build up, even as we hurried to the shaded cabin of a small cruiser tied alongside the raft. Because of the time that had passed, we had to start the oxygenation all over again.

Pounding hearts and soaking heads

The masks and gas line were passed in to us and we lay back, breathing deeply, hearts pounding. Every few seconds we mopped our soaking heads with a cold, wet towel. The raft moved slowly out toward the dive site, pulling our cruiser along and accompanied by a small fleet of skiffs and canoes carrying kids, honeymooners, officials, spare personnel and our photographer, Pierre Boulat.

We needed a full hour on oxygen. We took half of it in the boat going out. Then the heat became too serious to ignore so Keller decided to take the rest of the time in the water. We climbed aboard the raft and the dressers finished their job. They tucked a miniature earphone into the left ear and taped it in place. After that they attached a throat mike with bands of foam rubber and pulled on a pink baby bonnet that tied under the chin. Then came the rubber helmet which was sealed to the neck of the suit with a pair of steel rings, and rubber gloves were pulled on over woolen gloves and sealed at the wrists. We were now completely enclosed, except for our glass face plates, which dangled on short chains. Our short, double-ended air hoses hung in front of us (there would be eight gas changes during the dive, four going down, four coming up and each time the terminals of this air line would have to be disconnected from one source and plugged in to another).

We stood quietly, feeling the heat rise inside us, hearing the steady hiss of the earphones and muted voices. Then the crewmen laid us down and put a tarp over us and threw water on it. They strapped on the swim fins, weighted to make it easier to stand, and a knife to the right leg where we could get it out fast if we had to cut loose. Waiting for our pulses to slow, simmering in our own juice, the prospect of the dive into the icy water became seductive rather than startling.

In a few minutes the dressers hauled us to our feet and attached our weight belts and hung a pair of tanks on our backs that contained what Keller calls "a universal mixture." This was an emergency supply, to be used only if the cable that supported our platform should part and we should have to return to the surface without it. No one gas is suitable for the range of pressures we would experience, but this mixture would do as well as any. It would get us up, but then we would have to be recompressed to make up for our hasty ascent.

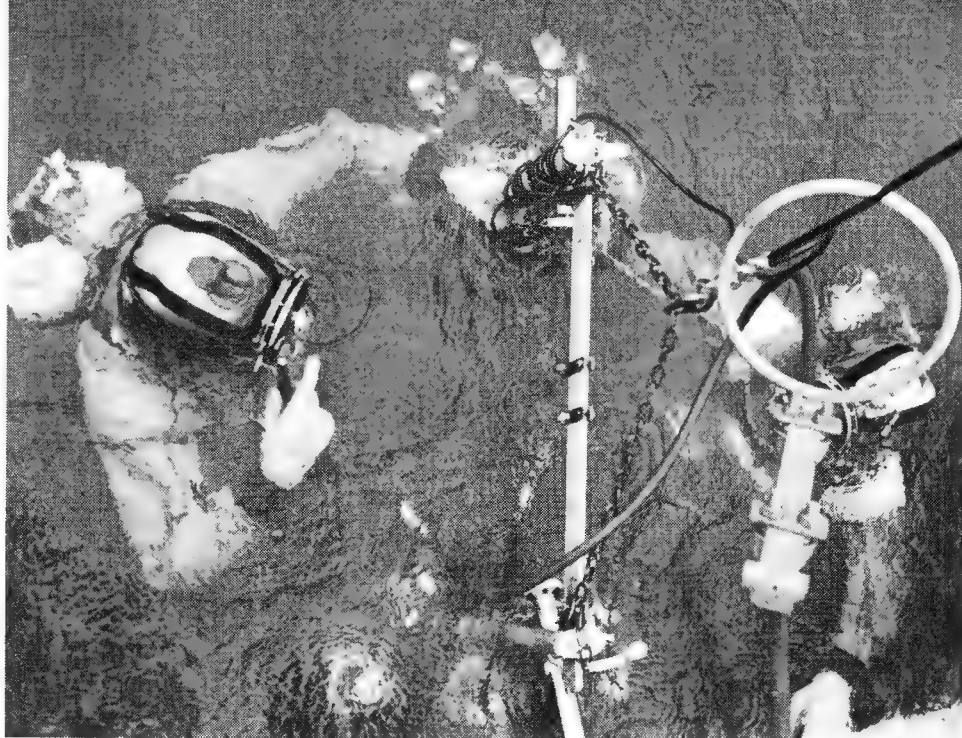
Thus encumbered, we were led to the platform, only knee-deep in water, and took our places. Our air hoses were plugged into the end of the drop line, a long tube attached to tanks on the raft and used during the first and last parts of the dive—from the surface to a depth of 160 feet. It was lashed just over our heads. Our phone wires were connected. After a complete check of our equipment, the crewmen lowered us to

shoulder depth, and one thin rubber-covered cable was passed over the pulley to serve both as our support and our means of communication.

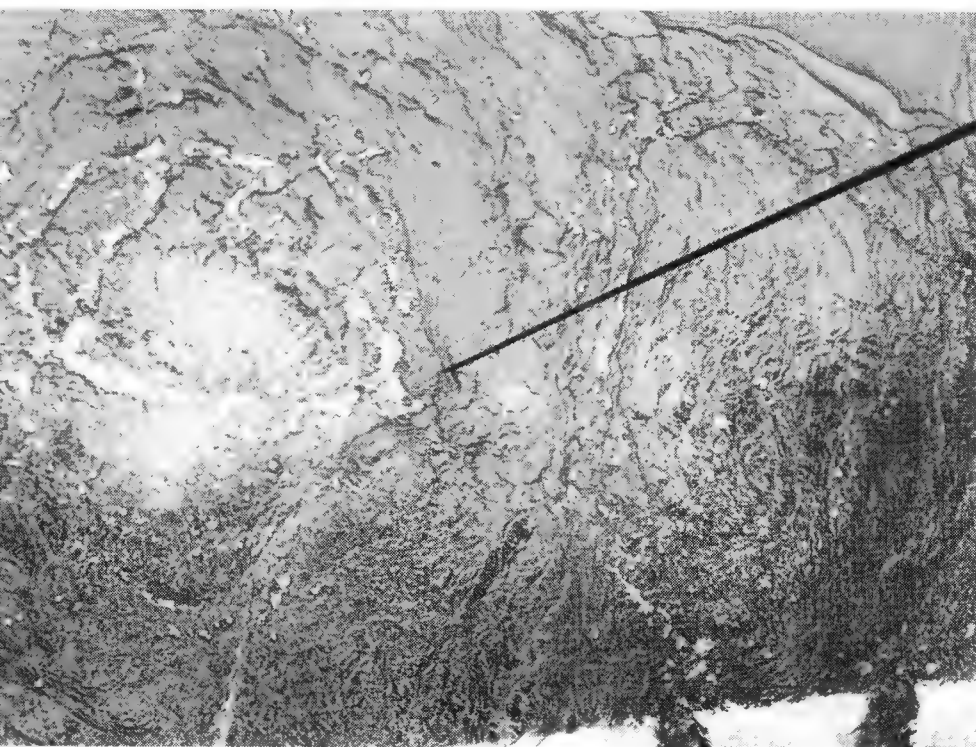
Now it begins. Our face plates are locked. We inch down and already we feel the pressure of the water, squeezing the air from our loose dry suits and out, with a dismal whine, through a flutter valve on top of our heads. The row of tense faces looking down at us vanishes in a distorted swirl of color, and the sun goes out. Only Peter Stirnemann, Keller's mechanic and diver, is left. He circles us in an Aqua-Lung and wet suit. He inspects everything, watching over us like a solicitous seal. At last he waves and darts away.

The water's surface is a precise boundary between two worlds. Though we are only a few feet down, we have crossed that boundary. There is

A boundary between two worlds



Before starting the long trip down, perspiring pair beat the heat by taking last half hour of oxygenation just beneath surface of the water.



Descending, Keller leaves more bubbles (left) than MacLeish (right). Cable pays out into the water as the platform goes down.



During dive Keller (left) and MacLeish used throat mikes and earphones in talking with raft, used signals and slates for own exchanges.

ADVENTURE CONTINUED

still light. We can still see the underside of the surface. But we have left our natural world and must turn to the world that will exist for us as we travel in the dark and downward direction.

The tanks and tubes and other apparatus are no longer confusing. I can easily locate the switch that will ring a bell up above, the four flashlights that will be our main light source, the phone connection that must be cut in the event of an emergency ascent, the Lucite slates and grease pencils for writing notes to each other, and above all the series of gas-line connections. All these are palpable, but they are part of a cold and dreamlike scene. Keller looks to me like a man designed for an inhuman environment. So he is, and so am I. Only two things within my range of vision retain a look of humanity and humor: Keller's eyes—all that I can see of the man inside the suit—and a small, hollow plastic figurine of a mermaid. Charlie Aquadro had bought it in an inspired moment and we have tied it to a gas tank.

But this alien world also brings blessed relief, cooling us and making our bundled bodies nearly weightless. For me there is even an element of comfort in the separation of my senses from every aspect of normal existence.

Although the awareness of the possibility of death remains, as it must always in the exploration of the physical limits of human experience, the actual fear of death is eliminated. Here on the platform there are none of the symbols of normal life to emphasize the possibility of its extinction, nor any specifically discernible hazard.

The phone in my ear says, "Now everything is ready. Your oxygen time is finished. Do you hear me, Mr. MacLeish?"

"I read you five by five," I tell him.

"Bitte?" he says. "Please?"

From dusk into the darkness

"I hear you very well."

"Thank you, Mr. MacLeish."

The cadenced calling of the phone men continues, in German for Keller and, at intervals, in English for me. "One meter . . . three meters

. . . four . . . five . . . slowly . . . eight meters, 27 feet . . . nine meters, 30 feet. . . We are changing from oxygen to the first gas . . . 20 meters . . . 30 meters, fine."

We have dropped from the gray dusk of the surface water into a near-darkness like that of a moonless night. I blow hard against my nose clip to equalize the pressure in my ears and sinuses. Breathing is easy. Keller, questioning, gives me an O.K. sign. I return it.

"Forty-five meters," the voice says. "Fifty meters, prepare for gas change. . . . Fifty-five meters, change gas."

Keller indicates that he will make the changes and that I must check his work. He plugs the free terminal of his air line into one of the outlets from the tanks containing the medium-depth gas mixture. When he finds that the new gas is coming in satisfactorily, he disconnects from the drop line which has been supplying our gas until now. Then he does the same switch for me. I run my hands over the lines and connection, lit by the beams of our flashlights. They are all where they should be.

My phone man calls, "Is everything still O.K., Mr. MacLeish?"

"O.K.," I say, my voice hollow and strange because of the new gas mixture.

"Three minutes have passed. Now we are going deeper . . . 65 meters . . . 70 meters, 230 feet . . . 75 meters. . . ."

In the background the microphone on the raft picks up the crew boss. His voice is rising. We can hear him say, "Faster! Faster!"

The phone man goes on quietly: "Eighty . . . 85 . . . deeper, deeper, 90 meters, 300 feet . . . 95 meters. Prepare for gas change. STOP! One hundred meters, 330 feet."

Again Keller switches connections, this time to the deep-water mixture. He watches me closely as he disconnects the medium-depth tanks. I soon find out why. This time the change is extreme. There is barely enough "air" to breathe and it is bitter cold, even colder than the ice water in which we now hover. My teeth itch. I try to say O.K. but cannot manage it. Still, it appears that I can live on what we are getting. I gesture thumbs down for deeper. Keller has an idea. He switches the connections around to tie in the reserve tank of deep-level gas so that we can breathe from both tanks. Now the flow is much better. Perhaps there was icing in the lines. Keller phones up to

Dr. Bühlmann that the gas is changed and the connections are good. We drop fast, passing 110 meters five minutes after the start. A deep current jostles us, tipping the platform sharply. We bounce once, twice, then settle back to our rapid, invisible descent.

"One hundred fifty meters . . . 160 . . . 170 . . . 180 . . . 210 meters, 660 feet . . . 215 meters. . . ." Then he shouts, "Two hundred and twenty meters, 700 feet! In seven minutes 30 seconds."

This is our destination in depth, but we stay only briefly. We are perhaps 40 to 60 feet above the bottom that we cannot see and must not touch. If our platform should drag across the clinging mud, the slim cable that supports us would surely snap. I turn and look out, away from the lights, into a void of dead-clear darkness. Nothing.

Keller picks up the Lucite slate and writes, "Cold, but oho!" I scribble, "Congratulations" and we shake hands. Then he reaches for the little mermaid and initials her left buttock. I initial the right one. We start back up.

In the fast ascent we rise at the same rate as our bubbles so that they hang all around us, glinting gold in the flashlight beams. They become so dense that I cannot see Keller. I lean forward, trying to make him out in the monstrous effervescence. So does he, and our masks click together. We change gas at 330 feet, back to the medium-depth mixture, and keep on coming. They stop us at 160 feet while we reconnect to the drop line from the surface.

"O.K.," says the phone man, "no trouble. Shall we put on the music?"

Keller had asked Tom Mechling, the IBM observer, to put his portable radio near the mikes during the long, cold, miserable decompression time. Music to decompress by, Tom called it. Now the Voice of America screams into my ear and I feel like the man for whom the term "captive audience" was invented. I clap my hand over the flutter valve on top of my head, blow up my rubber helmet, twist my mouth half off the mouthpiece and holler something that sounds like "Wot so woud. Wess woyume, tlease."

Relaxation

in a moment of danger

Dr. Bühlmann phones down to Keller, telling him to take the last 50 feet in 25 minutes. His serious voice reminds me that, if we are going to get the bends, we will probably get them within the next few minutes. And the danger will persist, though in a sharply decreasing degree, over the next several hours. We slide up to the 50-foot level and the telephone tells us our lift time so far is only 26 minutes. The crew boss's voice snaps, "Attention! Now comes the change to oxygen."

In this moment, the most threatening since we started the dive, Keller and I relax for the first time. For one thing, there is nothing more we can do. For another, Keller is certain nothing will happen. I can sense and share his faith. For the first time also we hear laughter among the crewmen above. There is a flicker overhead, and I see Stirnemann gliding down to us. He wonders if we are all right and we indicate that we are, although I notice that Keller has blood and foam inside his mask. Stirnemann points and gestures. Keller shrugs it away. An ear squeeze, we learn later, painful but not serious. Stirnemann shakes our hands solemnly and goes away to report. Then two photographers come down to try for pictures.

The time drags, and now the deep cold that we have endured begins to take effect, even though we are in the comparative warmth of water quite close to the surface. We stretch out, holding on to the platform, and try to warm up with stationary swimming. We flex our arms and hug ourselves and even do a grotesque dance to the music that is piped down to us. When it stops, we start singing the *Marseillaise* together, out of time and key but with feeling. We make signals and laugh, sending up strange snorts through the telephone so that an uncertain voice calls down to us, "Mr. MacLeish, what are you doing down there? Are you all right?"

We broke the surface just 60 minutes after we had begun the dive, dazed by the blaze of sun and glaring colors. We were hauled aboard and stood numb and breathless as the men got the heavy stuff off us and freed our heads. I went over to Keller to congratulate him again and to ask what had happened at first with the deep gas supply.

"I wasn't getting enough air down there," I told him.

"I wasn't getting enough air too," he said. "We will find a way to do it better. Anyway, we made it."

"Did we make the full 700?" I asked him. I was not quite sure. He started to answer when Aquadro announced in ponderous regular-Navy tones, "Sorry fellows. You were shy by two feet." I reached for my knife and he backed off laughing. "Let's check," he said.

Stirnemann retrieved the sealed-and-witnessed depth recorder from the platform and opened it. It showed 222 meters; 728 feet. There was happy pandemonium, everybody shaking everybody else's hand. Aquadro freed the mermaid from the platform and we filled her with champagne and drank it.

"Now we are the deepest divers," Keller said grinning.

"Now *you* are the deepest," I told him. "You're an inch and a half shorter than I am."

Seeing that depth gauge reads record-setting 728 feet, exuberant Keller and MacLeish (right) exchange congratulations.



Head drooping in the relaxed driving posture that is his hallmark, Moss roars around a turn in the Solitude Grand Prix in Stuttgart. Motor trouble forced him out.

WHY RACING'S TOP DRIVER IS NOT THE CHAMPION

MY PROBLEM WITH THE FACTORIES

by STIRLING MOSS

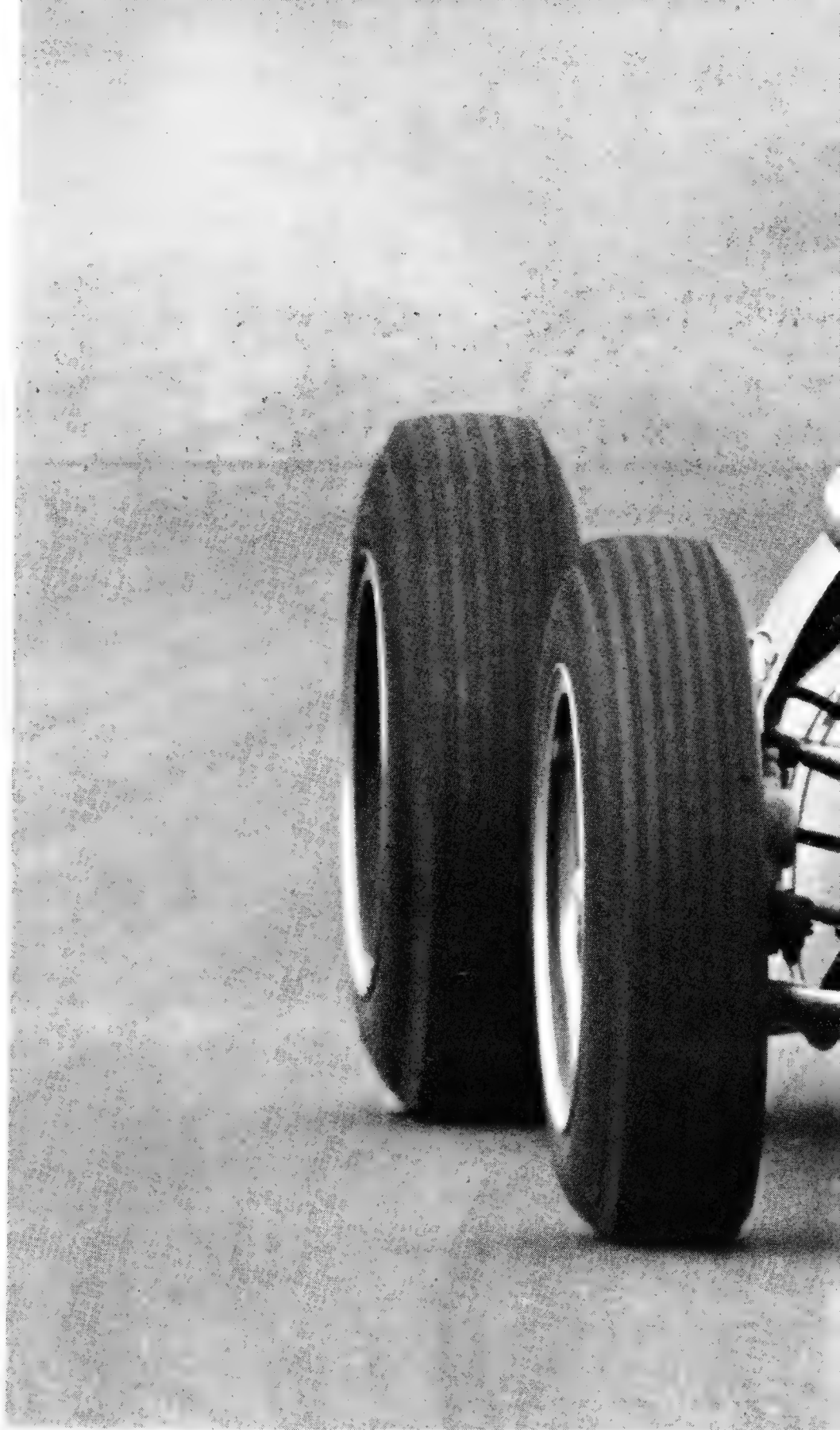


Moss coolly dons his helmet and goggles at Stuttgart. The handicap of driving a year-old model doesn't bother him; he thinks it just adds to the challenge.

Just before the Grand Prix of Germany and Europe on August 6, Racing Car Builder Enzo Ferrari was so confident that he reportedly ordered one of his drivers to hold back so the other could clinch the world championship. But Britain's Stirling Moss won in a dramatic upset. Moss, No. 1 money winner, spends much of his earnings on a staff so he can remain a free lance, but he admits that as a lone wolf he can probably never win the championship. Here he tells why he prefers it that way.

EVEN my best friends think I'm mad. They think I am knocking my head against a brick wall because I prefer to race as an independent, even though it means that the racing car manufacturers will not sell me their latest products. I enjoy racing. If I didn't enjoy racing I would not do it any more. In fact,

I enjoy fighting it out with the factory entries. I have raced for teams—for instance, with Mercedes when Fangio was their number one. It is enjoyable, but sometimes there is strife within the camp and there are problems involving one car against another—who has the fastest engine and so forth. Personally I prefer racing within a small group called British Racing Partnership. Its directors are my manager, my father, my ex-mechanic and myself. We race cars for the world's second-largest hire-purchase company, United Dominions Trust, together with one of its subsidiary concerns, Laystall Engineering. I also handle the cars owned by the British motorsport enthusiast Rob Walker, who is a personal friend. In both cases the arrangements are loose and there is a financial loss, but there are never any arguments.





So far as I am concerned, the biggest drawback to racing independently is that, through racing as an independent, I have been frequently blamed for the breakdown of my cars. The newspapers have made frequent reference to the "Moss Jinx." It is not a jinx, but hardly anybody bothers to inquire after the truth. In 1960, for example, the Cooper Car Company sold Rob Walker a car without a gearbox. They were quite frank about it; they could not sell a complete car because of previous commitments. Accordingly we had to have a special gearbox designed. It had to be produced quickly, and in the end it proved not to be strong enough.

Rivalry in motor racing is friendly but often tough. I bear no grudge, because the reasons behind the situation are numerous and understandable. The various factories' teams

range from big organizations like Mercedes, which entered the field for two years in 1954 and 1955 and is reputed to have spent \$3,000,000 in that time, to the smaller British concerns which budget much less for racing. In fact motor racing still includes, as in its earliest days, everything from the owner-driver with his one mechanic to the big organization with scores of attendants and a team manager in command.

**Racing's
main object:
business**

The large organizations enter the field to gain publicity, prestige and to give the ultimate test to parts they may want to incorporate in their production models at a later date. But make no mistake about it, even the smaller companies with fewer resources and less manpower are in it as

a business, though a sporting and risky one. These smaller factories, however, could not race in Grand Prix events, pay their drivers or otherwise keep up with the giants if it were not for the backing of the oil companies, the tire manufacturers and the makers of components who are interested in the sport.

The oil companies foot the biggest part of the bill, and a lot of oil money goes into the development of new cars. And so it is easy to see why one of these companies might object strongly to a factory's selling its latest product to a driver who races with a competitive fuel and oil.

The factories are also under pressure from a number of new nonmanufacturing groups, including large companies like United Dominions Trust, for whom I occasionally race. These organizations want to sponsor cars and



Cornering at speed in the Monaco Grand Prix, Moss understeers with cool precision. He won the event for the third time this year.

MOSS CONTINUED

drivers in return for publicity. But they cannot contract with a manufacturer that is already racing its own team, and so they are faced with the same situation as I am when it comes to obtaining a new car. These new groups can often afford to offer bigger retainers to drivers than the factories can afford (though not in my case). To keep the best men the factories therefore have responded by guaranteeing exclusive use of their latest car for a year to the drivers who sign with them. With such a promise the factories can practically command the market in the best drivers; the drivers, after all, want to race with the best new cars. I do too, but not enough to forsake the freedom I now have.

So the factories end up far ahead of the other racing organizations. At the Monaco Grand Prix each factory team was invited to enter two drivers, but of the independents only France's Maurice Trintignant and I were allowed an automatic entry. Anybody else who wanted to start had to qualify. This has happened in other big races. The factories are invited to enter two or three drivers while almost everybody else has to scramble for a chance.

A driver for Ferrari —almost

I suppose that if I had been sensible I would have joined Italy's Enzo Ferrari years ago. In my opinion he builds the world's greatest range of racing cars. But in the early '50s I traveled down to Italy at his invitation, only to find on arrival that he had given a car intended for me to someone else. If it were not for that incident and my real desire to drive English cars, I would no doubt have driven for him long ago.

But since I remain a lone wolf, what of this year? At the moment I am driving a 1960 Lotus with modified suspension and body. The 1961 Lotus is the lightest car currently lining up on the grid. Compared to the 1960 model, the back and front suspension and the chassis are modified. The newer model has considerably less frontal area, a different body and a lot of other things that I still cannot

buy, beg, or borrow. I am not grumbling; I understand why I cannot have them.

I'm sure Colin Chapman, the Lotus boss, would like to see me have a 1961 model. In fact he has helped to alter my car, making it smoother with better penetration. These changes have lessened drag and so increased the speed. But the car remains a compromise nevertheless. Obviously Colin Chapman's ideal is to help me finish just behind—but not in front of—his own team drivers. I will not be able to drive a 1961 Cooper car either.

In a team that is run in the accepted fashion, somebody always has to be number one. If he is doing well in a race, the others are sometimes held back. To me the major part motor racing plays today is as the entertainment of literally millions. If I can push the others and break up this pattern, it makes for better racing. Not only do the spectators enjoy it more, but the cars themselves are more severely tested; thus they are improved, and eventually the results will improve the mass-produced car. At the Dutch Grand Prix this year, for example, 15 cars started and 15 finished, without one stopping at the pits. It was something that had never happened before in the history of automobile racing, and it marked a magnificent advancement in the constant striving for mechanical perfection.

Today all the British cars are underpowered in comparison to the Ferrari. The formula change which took effect in Grand Prix racing this year limits engine size to a maximum cubic capacity of one and a half liters. So British cars are having to make do with a modification

of the old Formula II engine; this produces about 150 hp, compared to around 190 hp produced by the Ferrari's power plant. On the high-speed circuits, such as Spa, Reims and Monza, we British haven't much chance. In the Monte Carlo Grand Prix I was able to squeeze in ahead of the pack only because of a circuit that twisted all over the place and put less of a premium on power.

The English fire pump manufacturers, Coventry-Climax, are at present working on a more powerful 1½-liter engine. Fortunately for all of us, including myself, Coventry-Climax does not have a factory team, nor is the company tied to an oil concern. As soon as a few of their new engines are available I hope to be among those to get one. Jack Brabham, last year's world champion, will probably be the first, because of the close relationship between Coventry-Climax and Cooper, for whom Jack drives. If the new engine can produce 175 to 180 hp, I think the British will be able to give the Ferraris a good run for their money. But I still will be at a distinct disadvantage in relation to the drivers in 1961 cars. Companies like Lotus and Cooper never stand still.

So I can see no prospect, short of a miracle, of winning the championship as an independent driver. But I wouldn't like to change, not yet anyway. To me racing means the exhilaration that the drivers, a band of very few people, get out of it. Of course, I would like to win the world championship, but if I did, I might have to retire, and I don't like the idea of that, so really I am quite happy, but have to work a bit harder to keep up!



Face caked to the helmet line with dust and oil, cigaret at the ready, and the trophy in hand, Moss concludes a successful day's work.

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68	104.618.1	98.691.0
87	101.038.5	96.930.6
89	103.262.7	99.717.1
91	102.105.4	95.797.6
94	99.939.7	99.763.6
101	104.055.8	99.822.0
102	104.353.2	99.861.4
103	104.419.4	99.568.8
104	104.267.0	97.862.3
105	104.150.0	97.586.1
106	103.860.3	97.663.8
107	103.750.0	96.066.1
108	103.644.9	95.341.1
109	102.750.0	94.777.5
110	101.642.0	95.264.0
111	101.500.0	94.732.7
112	101.019.8	95.455.7
113	101.242.9	95.656.3
114	101.023.6	95.755.7
115	100.320.0	95.529.0
116	99.837.8	96.073.9
117	100.082.0	96.248.1
118	99.846.1	96.373.8
119	98.750.0	96.058.8
120	98.525.0	96.719.4
121	98.039.2	96.955.1
122	98.000.0	97.617.2
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*The Art
of China*

Ancient Treasures out of Hiding



Stemcup with Peach Pattern

From the dark confines of vaults on the island of Formosa, a breathtaking array of Chinese art has emerged for its first showing in the West. For three decades the collection of 35,000 pieces, accumulated by the emperors of China, has been in hiding. In 1933, when the invading Japanese neared Peking, the treasures were removed from the Palace Museum and launched on their long odyssey of escape. Shunted about by train, boat, mule and coolieback, they were finally spirited away to Formosa when the Nationalist Chinese were forced from the Communist-held mainland.

Today most of the treasures are still sealed up in their concrete sanctuaries. But 231 rare works—including the bronze vase of the 11th Century B.C. (*preceding page*), the 15th Century porcelain (*above*) and the feathery scene (*detail, opposite*) painted on a 10th Century scroll—are now on tour of the U.S. Spanning 3,000 years, they reveal a rich diversity of styles and skills. But all display in varying degrees the distinctive attributes of Chinese art—the sensitive lines, the subtle hues, the decorative patterns, above all the tranquility—which endow them with an ageless beauty.

Deer among Red Maples



妙用所長自
是託身遠穹
室不須老吏
畏張湯
己卯春月
張題





A bushy-tailed squirrel clambering along a branch to sample some peaches was painted by a 13th Century scholar and government official named Ch'ien Hsüan. With the customary virtuosity of the Chinese artist, he switched easily from the tiny precise strokes of the squirrel to the free, loose wash of the leaves. At lower left of the handscroll (reproduced here actual size) Ch'ien Hsüan affixed his seals. Five hundred years later the Ch'ien-Lung Emperor came into possession of the scroll and plastered his own seals as well as a bit of doggerel about the squirrel across the painting.

*Squirrel Leaping
onto a Peach Branch*





Gentlemen on a Spring Outing

This 64-inch scroll is attributed to Chao Yen, son-in-law of a 10th Century emperor. Displaying the Chinese flair for harmonious composition,

he has balanced vertical trees with horizontal balustrades, contrasted the crisply drawn figures with the soft forms of rocks and foliage.



庭院秋聲落葉

紅拾東旋轉戲

喚童丹青詎止

傳神初寫意原

存相讀風

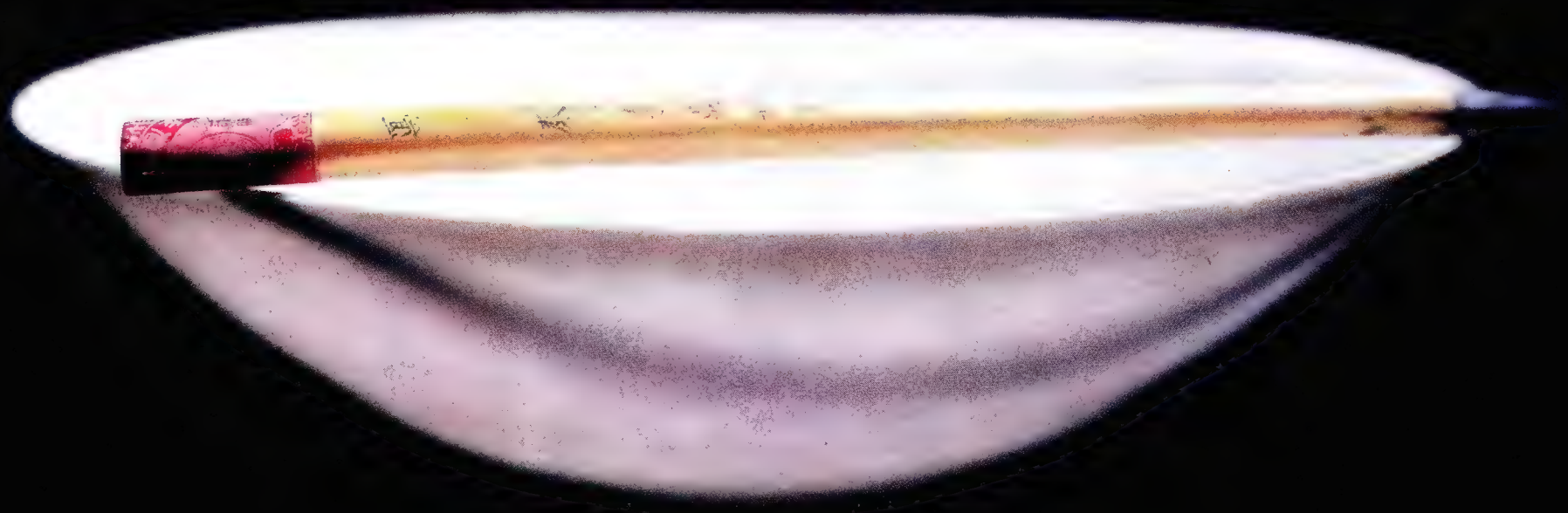
壬寅仲秋陳



Children at Play

A bright-eyed boy and girl bend over a toy balance
in this 12th Century painting by Su Han-ch'ên.
Though he painted details with lifelike

accuracy, he made the decorative elements—
elongated rock, sprays of flowers and ornamental
stools—dominate the 78-inch scroll.



A 'Bodiless' Bowl

A refined and flowing grace brings art of diverse ages into rhythmical harmony. The 15th Century Ming Dynasty bowl above is made so thin that the Chinese call it "bodiless" ware. Beneath its glaze is a design visible only when the bowl is held to the light. The painting below is from an album by Ch'en Hung-shou, 17th Century Buddhist monk. Portraying a hermit enjoying the pleasures of music and wine, he created an image of swirling lines in artful exaggeration of the stylization of ancient Chinese painting.

A Hermit with Wine Cup



梅
邊



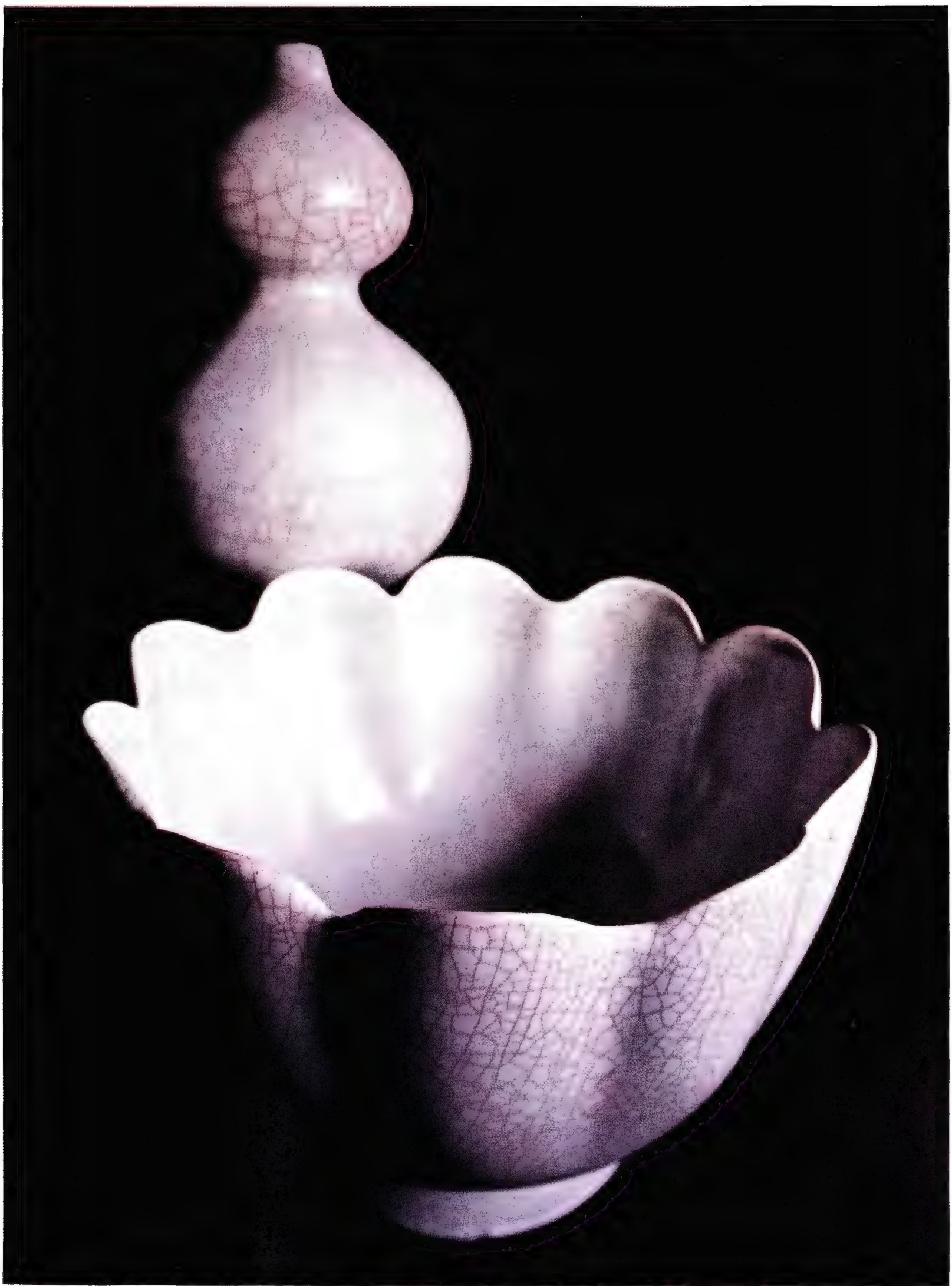


*Hermit Seated
on a Mat*

With wine and painted scrolls at his feet, another hermit (*above*) from Ch'en Hung-shou's album sits on a mat and unwraps the brocade covering of a musical instrument. His undulating robes seem to have a life of their own, like the lotus leaf cup below, whose curling, curving forms were carved out of jade some 17 centuries ago. This masterful work, which rests on a twining lotus carved from wood, was probably used as a bowl in which painters or scholars like the hermits in Ch'en Hung-shou's album rinsed their brushes.

*Leaf-shaped
Jade Cup*





*Vase and
Lotus Bowl*

Imposing the forms of nature upon art, craftsmen of the Sung Dynasty (960–1260 A.D.) molded a vase into the shape of a gourd and a bowl into the curves of a lotus blossom (*above*). Imposing the patterns of art upon nature, an artist painting Emperor Ming-huang's journey to Shu in 756 (*shown in detail, opposite*), translated mountains and mist into an interlacing design of angular and eddying lines.

*Emperor's
Journey*





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Centuries of a Vital Spirit

The Chinese treasures on the preceding pages constitute a choice but tiny fraction of some 30,000 works of art, most of which were assembled in the 18th Century by the Emperor Kao-tsung. An esthetic ruler, he gave to his long reign the title of Ch'ien-Lung, meaning "Celestial Prosperity." For art collectors, however, Ch'ien-Lung meant deprivation and even ruin, for the emperor was so determined to possess the "notable relics" of Chinese art that he resorted to whatever means was necessary to separate them from their owners. Collectors were "persuaded" to offer their prize paintings as gifts to the emperor. When one demurred he was squeezed into bankruptcy and forced to sell his collection, of course to Kao-tsung.

This yen for collecting art was nothing new. An emperor of the Sixth Century accumulated 240,000 works of art. During the Sung dynasty some 500 years later, there was such a demand for ancient bronzes that highly deceptive imitation antiques were turned out in large numbers.

But the creation of art in China preceded by thousands of years the collecting of it. As early as the 11th Century B.C., when the Chou dynasty ruled China, artists were turning out bronze vessels of a beauty and technical perfection that have never been surpassed. Made for religious ceremonies, they were actually glorified versions of household items, sanctified saucepans whose noble contours and symbolic ornament endowed them with an aura of mystery and magic. The bronzes were supposed to embody the male and female principles, a requirement which, in earliest times, must have taken a heavy toll of artisans. According to legend, when a vessel of special importance was made, the bronze caster and his wife were supposed to throw themselves into the molten metal. Later on, this costly custom was tempered when it was discovered that the furnace was itself a male spirit so that it was only necessary to sacrifice the wife to attain the harmonious blend.

By the Second Century B.C., under the peaceful Han dynasty, the arts enjoyed a full-fledged boom. Artists were in great demand to supply the wealthy classes with ornamental objects for their houses, their horses and themselves. Vases inlaid with gold, sculptured mirrors, finely carved jade which the Chinese relished for its sensuous surface—all spell out the luxury and highly refined taste of that ancient era. Murals decorated palaces, private homes and tombs but it was not until the First Century A.D. that the familiar scroll paintings began to be produced.

The Chinese had become masters of the brush merely by learning to write. For writing in Chinese was an arduous exercise in design and picture-making because each Chinese character derived from a picture that had been embellished or streamlined into an ab-

stract linear pattern. Calligraphy, the art of writing, was esteemed as highly as the arts of poetry and painting, and the great painters carried into their landscapes, portraits and other scenes the calligrapher's feeling for line and for spacing.

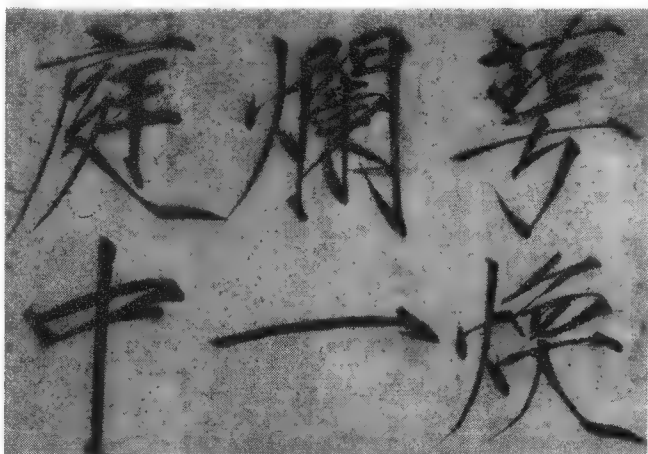
The Chinese have traditionally believed that art should exert a beneficent influence upon man. According to a Third Century writer: "When one sees pictures of rebels and unfilial sons, one cannot but gnash the teeth. Upon seeing a picture of a noble man with high principles, one cannot but forget his meal, and upon seeing a faithful subject dying at the call of duty, one cannot but feel exalted." This concern with moral art has lasted into modern times. Chinese criminals are said to amuse themselves in jail by illustrating moral tales, showing in one half of the picture what happens when you obey a moral law, in the other, what happens when you break it.

But the dominant theme of Chinese painting has been landscape. As early as the Fourth Century, 1,100 years before Western painters took up the theme for its own sake, a Chinese artist began to paint scenes of mountains, rivers and trees. Not until the T'ang dynasty (618-906), however, did the art of landscape enter its golden age. Working on tall scrolls to be hung on the wall or hand scrolls which were unrolled a few inches at a time, the painters created lofty sweeping views aimed at suggesting infinity and creating a mood of sublime calm and harmony.

During the Sung period (960-1260) landscapists attained an unparalleled mastery. Working often in monochrome ink, they succeeded in suggesting colors, volumes, atmosphere, textures, light and shade (but never cast shadows) through the subtle manipulations of lines and tones. At the same time the Sung potters were creating some of the greatest works of ceramic art. Among the loveliest of Sung porcelains was Ju ware—like the scalloped bowl shown on a preceding page—which prompted Chinese writers to poetic description: "blue as the sky after rain . . ."

After the Sung period, Chinese art began a slow decline, occasionally halted by a brilliant flare-up of artistry in paintings or pottery. In the masterworks of her greatest epochs, however, the vital spirit of China still reigns. Westerners viewing the treasure would find in it rich variety from tapestries to teacups. And in the presence of the paintings, they might travel

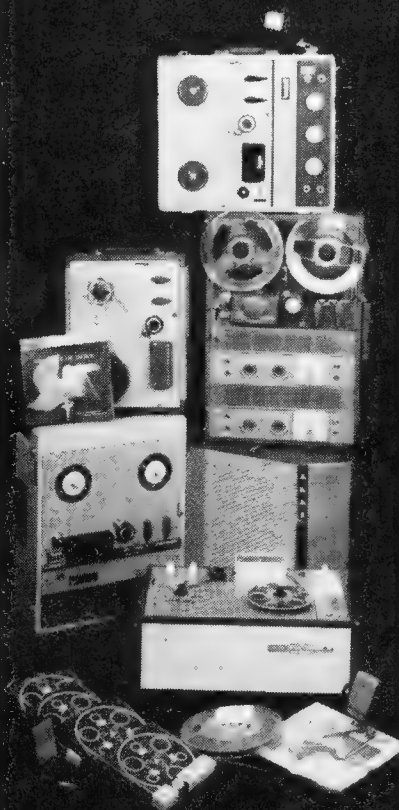
to wondrous realms as did the ancient painter Tsung Ping who, on the wings of art, took off to "the four corners of the world . . . where the cliffs and peaks rise to soaring heights and the forests are shrouded in clouds that stretch as far as the eye could reach. The virtuous and wise men of ancient times come back to live in my imagination. All interesting things and their significance are revealed to me. What more should I desire?"



With spiky precision, the 12th Century Sung Emperor Hui-tsung wrote a poem in a taut calligraphy which has been described as "slender gold script."

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Shown above are AKAI Hi-Fi Dynamic Microphone; Terecorder Model M-5 (4-Track Stereo/Monaural record & Play); Model Standard; Model 902; Model Deluxe; Model 34; Stereo Speaker System Model SS-50; AKAI Magnetic Tape; and Hi-Fi Stereo Microphones.

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Henry Charlesworth Jr. rediscovers Scotch—"a revelation!"

"With soda if you must, but please—not on the rocks!"

(Gilbey's Spey Royal Scotch is too good for freezing)

"I was fixing up a tweed deal in Inverness," says New York importer Henry C., "and took a weekend off to visit the Spey Valley, heart of the whisky country and home of my favourite Scotch."

Introduced by a friend to the manager of one of Gilbey's distilleries, Mr. Charlesworth watched the whole process, from malting to bonded store. The tour ended with the traditional dram of Gilbey's Spey Royal Scotch—straight, at room temperature. "It was a revelation," says Henry C., "of what Scotch

should be. Gilbey's Spey Royal is no crude spirit that has to be frozen before it's drinkable. It's smooth, mellow, glowing—a jewel of a Scotch."

As the manager explained, Gilbey's Spey Royal is made for drinking straight, or with a little water. "You can add soda if you must, but please," he says, "not on the rocks. Ice not only chills it—it kills the subtlety." Since Gilbey's Spey Royal Scotch is sold the world over, you don't have to go to Scotland to prove the point. Pour yourself a dram tonight. You'll see!





Starting a swing, Sharon waves a graceful hand as she rides high over crowd of spectators at the Great Northland shopping center, which is near Detroit.

All the way over, Sharon teeters tantalizingly beyond the grasp of an envious youngster on street. The Aqua Bobber is intended chiefly for resorts.

A Dippy New Toy on the Water

The girl in the crazy crow's nest knew which way she was going, but nobody else did. By leaning this way or that, Sharon Beeman could swoop down toward the edge of the pool at Michigan's Northland Shopping Center, bat her pretty eyelashes at astounded males and chuck children under the chin. Then she could retreat elusively upward on her floating, 17-foot-high pedestal. She was demonstrating the Aqua Bobber, a prototype of a new water toy designed for swimming pool fun. Made of Fiberglas and metal, with a one-ton concrete counterweight to keep it from turning over, the Aqua Bobber swings in a 180-degree arc with ease. It is fine for diving and acrobatics, but is not recommended for people susceptible to seasickness. Its price in the U.S. is \$995.



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Elvar rises up out of his tank to be scratched and stroked by Dr. Lilly's son Charles. Three-year-old Elvar is not yet an adult and will not reach his 10-foot length for another year or two.



He barks and buzzes, he ticks and whistles, but

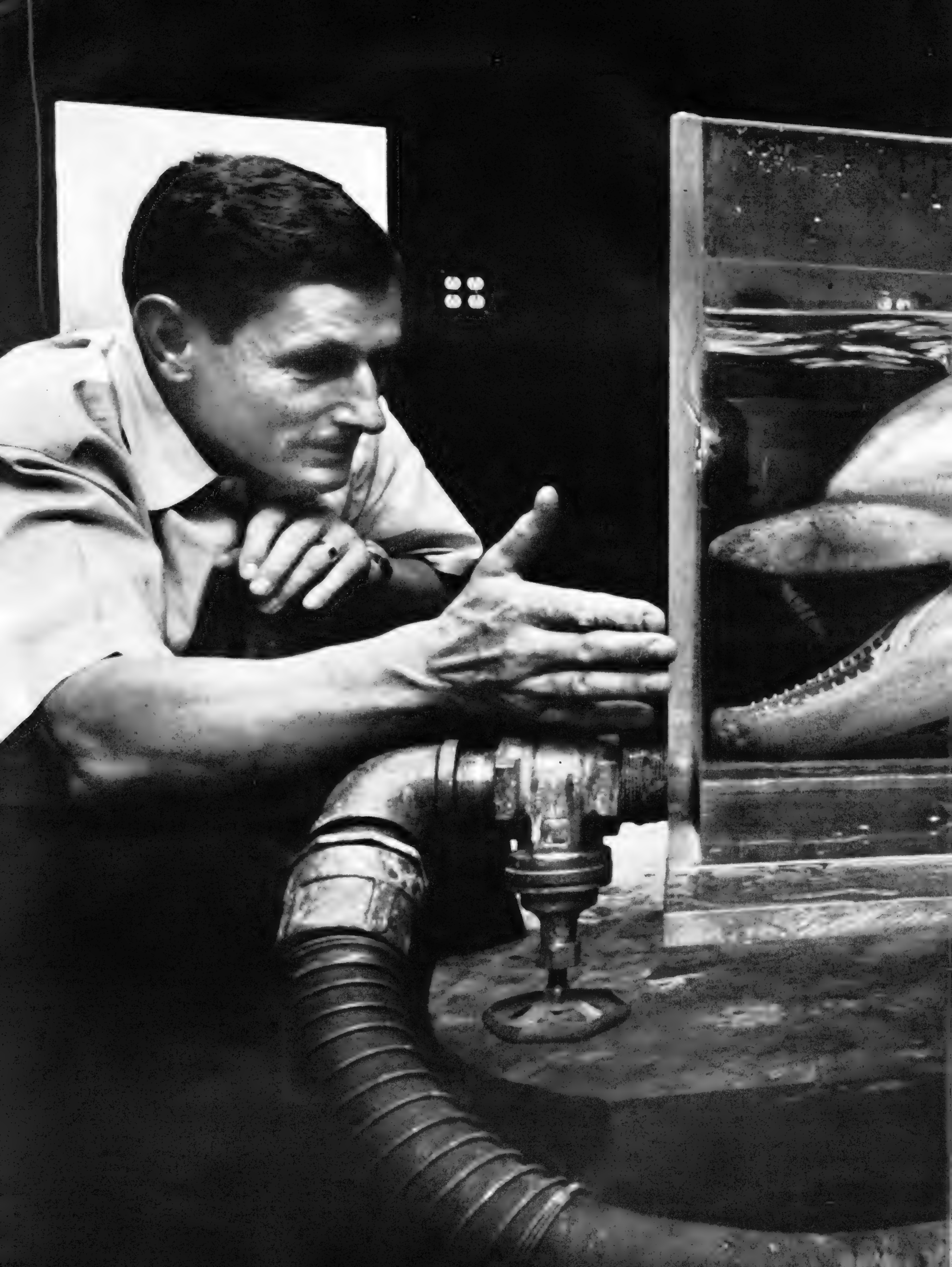
CAN THE DOLPHIN LEARN TO TALK?

Photographed
for LIFE by
FLIP SCHULKE

The warm-blooded, warm-hearted bottle-nosed beast above is a seagoing mammal with a fondness for people, a child-like appetite for affection and quite possibly a near-human intelligence. His name is Elvar and he is a dolphin; but he is a very special dolphin. It is hoped that one day Elvar may actually speak, not only in the language of dolphins, in which he converses constantly and vociferously, but conceivably in a kind of English.

Everyone who knows dolphins concedes their high intelligence. But their most ardent champion, Psychophysiolo-

gist John C. Lilly, in a new book *Man and Dolphin* published by Doubleday & Co., New York, contends they may be the smartest creatures around next to man. To test his theory he set up a laboratory, Communication Research Institute, in Miami, Florida, where he and his family are establishing an intimate rapport with their friends from the sea. Here Elvar and others of his kind are being tamed, their sounds analyzed and their brains electrically explored. If Dr. Lilly can find a way to communicate with them, a unique relationship between man and beast will result.





Elvar and Dr. Lilly greet each other through a Plexiglas tank that Dr. Lilly designed for his work. Though his mouth is open Elvar is making no sound. When "talking," dolphins usually keep their mouths shut.

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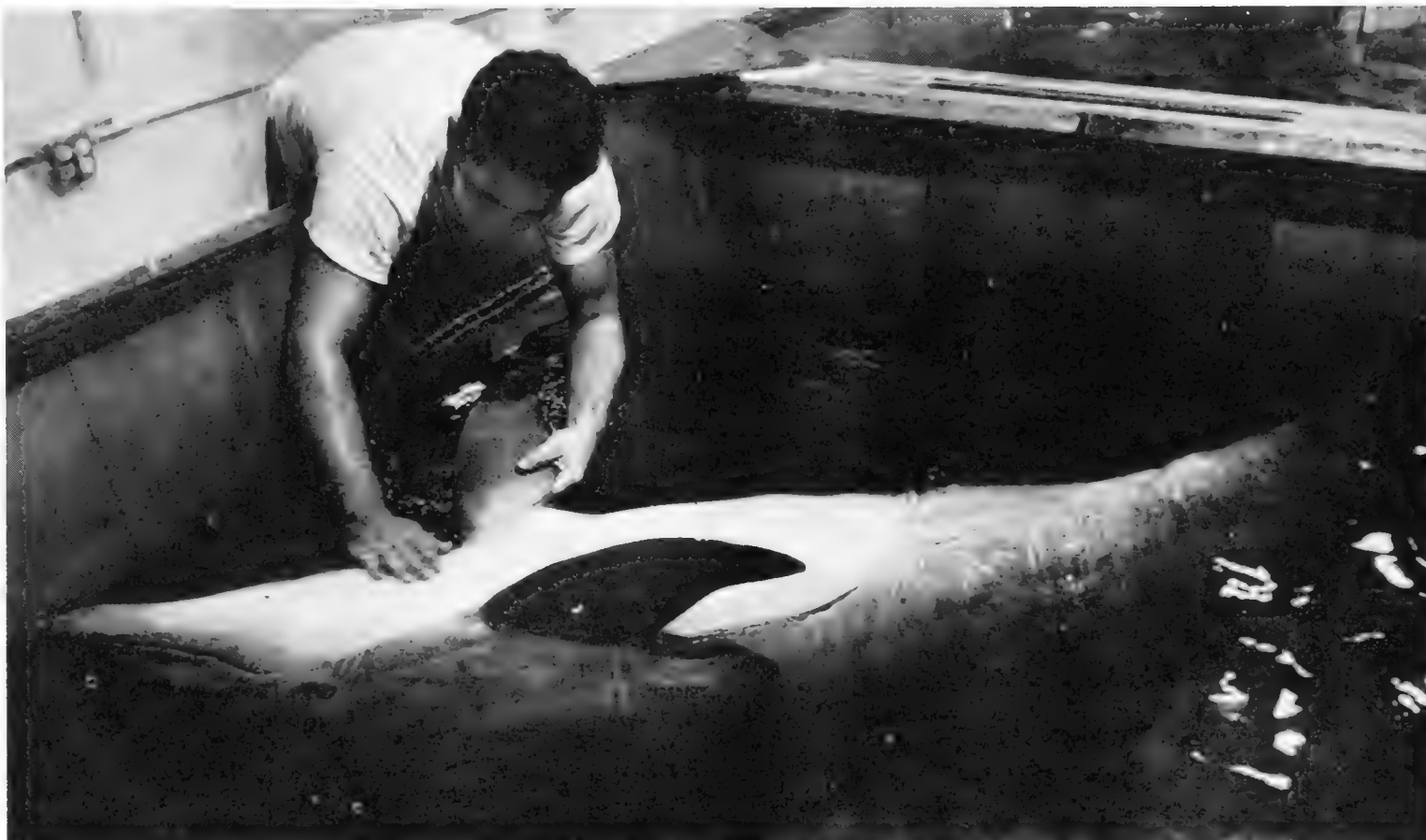
Pampered as pets, dolphins lead an easy life



Peering alertly out of his tank, Elvar barks for attention. This is the only noise dolphins make with their mouths open. They will do it to get attention or express annoyance.

Tolva, a female dolphin, curves adroitly toward Dr. Lilly when he whistles to her. Recording equipment is always turned on so that there is a constant record of all dolphin sounds.

Getting his belly rubbed by an attendant is a real pleasure for Elvar. He will try to entice such attentions by gently nudging a friendly hand with his beak and then rolling over.



Importance of Being in Earnest about Dialogues of Dolphins

by DR. JOHN C. LILLY

It is my firm conviction that within the next decade or two human beings will establish vocal communication with another species. That species might possibly be from another world; it could also be from this one. Wherever it comes from, it will be highly intelligent, perhaps even intellectual.

For several years my colleagues and I have been particularly interested in trying to find out whether or not there is a way to conduct such interspecies dialogues with dolphins. Of all the animals on earth, excepting man, only whales (in whose family dolphins are a member) and elephants have brains big enough to offer any possibility of high-level mental activity. And dolphins, even when they are newly captured, show a unique and positive consideration for humans which makes them most desirable subjects for complex experiments. My research with dolphins has left me with the belief that they do, in effect, talk with one another through the use of sounds, that they may have intelligence of a high order and that they might possibly be taught to understand and react to sounds made by man. It would help, of course, to understand what the dolphins are saying to each other. Some of the sounds can be picked up directly by the human ear when the dolphin rises for air. These sounds vary from loud clicks to creakings, whistles, squawks, quacks and blats. But not all dolphin sounds are immediately audible. Many of them are emitted at such a high frequency that we cannot hear them without special acoustical equipment, and it may very well be that the most meaningful patterns of their "speech" occur at these levels.

By wiring the dolphins' tanks and taking down their sounds on tape recordings, I have been able to take part in some fascinating eavesdropping. Creaking noises occur most often underwater at nighttime or when the water is murky. Two dolphins in a tank together frequently make buzzing and whistling sounds back and forth at each other. The conversation between a male and female dolphin in physical contact is very often elaborate, an exchange of barks and squawks.

If two dolphins are separated in nearby tanks, a dialogue takes place that is eerily like two children in bed whispering back and forth between their rooms. First one will whistle. Then the other will whistle back. Once contact is made the conversation settles down to a regular exchange. The exchange can be made up of slow and steady clicks, or of whistles or of both together.

Even more interesting is the fact that dolphins seem to try to imitate human sounds they hear and sometimes produce primitive and peculiar copies. Because dolphins not only converse in high frequencies but vocalize at a fast rate, the tape recordings must be played at one-fourth normal speed in order to distinguish the results, which are astonishing. I have heard sounds which I interpreted as



Holding a tiny microphone in Elvar's blowhole, Dr. Lilly listens to and records his sounds.

mimicry of human laughter, high-pitched, explosive laughter like Donald Duck's. Also I've heard noises made immediately after I said something which sounded much like Donald Duck trying to imitate my words.

My tape collection of dolphin mimicry includes such words as "three-two-three," the letters "TRP," and part of the sentence, "Yeah, it's 6 o'clock." Other sounds apparently learned are low-pitched whistles, a sound like a plucked banjo string, a baby crying and two cars passing on a nearby highway.

Such mimicry raises the intriguing possibility that dolphins could be taught a primitive form of English (or Russian). When a dolphin has to obtain satisfaction of his wants from humans, he can be forced to communicate vocally with them. Dolphins' motivation, like that of monkeys, can be intensified by the use of modern neurophysiological methods. In recent years the pleasure and pain areas of the brain have been carefully mapped out. It has become possible to determine exactly where certain sensations—pleasure, pain, fright, anger—can be evoked by local stimulation. Many experiments along these lines have been done on rats, cats and monkeys. When fine wires are inserted into certain portions of the brain and electrical current is run through the brain between the tips of the wires, we can artificially create specific sensations in the subject. I decided to try the same thing with dolphins. It was during these experiments that I discovered their vocal versatility.

In one of my earliest experiments with a dolphin I hit an important motivational portion of his brain. His vocalization was immediate and exuberant. I rigged a switch that he could push with his jaw, and he learned almost immediately to control his own stimulation. When he wanted the sensation, he would hit the switch. When I made it im-

possible for him to do this, he burst forth with a complex series of pulsating, explosive noises. Working with a female dolphin shortly after this, I learned an important lesson. We stimulated her brain in a spot which caused her to have a sensation of unpleasantness, and she quickly learned how to turn off the current. She gave only the distress whistle and made no complicated sounds at all. The best results obviously are prompted by rewards and their effects. You cannot punish a dolphin and hope to get anything but limited and reluctant cooperation. All the fun is gone.

Using these techniques, we have been able to learn a lot more about the dolphins' unique sounds and vocalization. We are still a long way from direct give and take with them. We are learning to differentiate among sounds they make when they are in distress, suffering from loneliness, courting and mating and, lately, in the case of a bottle-fed baby dolphin, when she wants milk. Other scientists have found that they use high-frequency clicking sounds as a complex and amazingly accurate sonar system. When they emit these pulselike shock waves, the waves bounce back off objects ahead of them in the sea, and the dolphins are thus able, for example, to spot their swimming food. We have found that they use similar sounds in their ordinary vocalization.

At present I am working in an auxiliary laboratory in Florida while a bigger one is being built in the Virgin Islands. I have four young dolphins named Elvar, Sissy, Chee-

Extraordinary capacity to learn

They are proving to be both friendly and "talkative." We have been taking great pains to get them used to their surroundings and to the people who are working with them. Their extraordinary capacity to learn and their extreme sensitivity and kindness to us makes these mammals fun to work with. I believe that with proper care and preparation we can teach them to understand something of human speech and perhaps after some years of work actually to talk in a primitive way.

No one can measure how much we might benefit from learning to communicate with dolphins. No human is as good at detecting, tracking, herding and catching fish as dolphins are. If we could get their cooperation, the whole fishing industry might be revised. Dolphins could conceivably help us measure and map ocean currents, temperatures and salinities over vast areas. They might even bring back samples of unknown life from the depths. It is not inconceivable, in my view, that they could help us in the tracking of submarines and in the location of nose cones and capsules which drop into the ocean from space shots. But the most important consideration to me is that we are trying to make first contact with an alien, nonhuman species. That we can conceive of doing so is an important step in man's own evolutionary maturity.



Dangling a butterfish, 8-year-old Leslie Lilly entices Tolva, a female dolphin, to feed. Tolva eats about seven pounds of fish twice a day.



In Istanbul's gilded dusk, throngs of home-goers crowd the Galata Bridge over the Golden Horn, a five-mile-long arm of the Bosphorus that separates the city's old and new quarters. Yeni-Validé, a mosque completed in 1663, is in the distance.

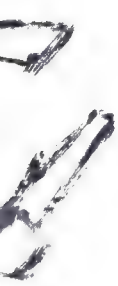


CITIES OF THE WORLD PART XIV

FABLED PORT OF THE GOLDEN HORN

ISTANBUL: A PEARL NOW DIMLY SEEN

by ALEXANDER ELIOT



COME and join me at the Piyer Loti Café, for just a quarter of an hour. It is almost dusk; we are at the moment when the day goes into reverse, gold turning silver and the silver swiftly tarnishing to darkness. Our drink will be the many-named potion of Mediterranean shores: *Pernod*, *anis*, *ouzo*—*raki*, they call it here. Add a little water to what seems water in your glass, and milky clouds obscure it. Drink but two or three of these dusk-distillations and a slender silver hammer will strike once, shiveringly, in your brain. Beyond your little table lies a vast, muted panorama spread out below. Is that a landscape? No, nor a seascape. Nor a cityscape either. Here all three interpenetrate, and with them a fourth element, invisible yet almost palpable to the soul: history. Here are jeweled waters, bubbling stone. This is Istanbul.

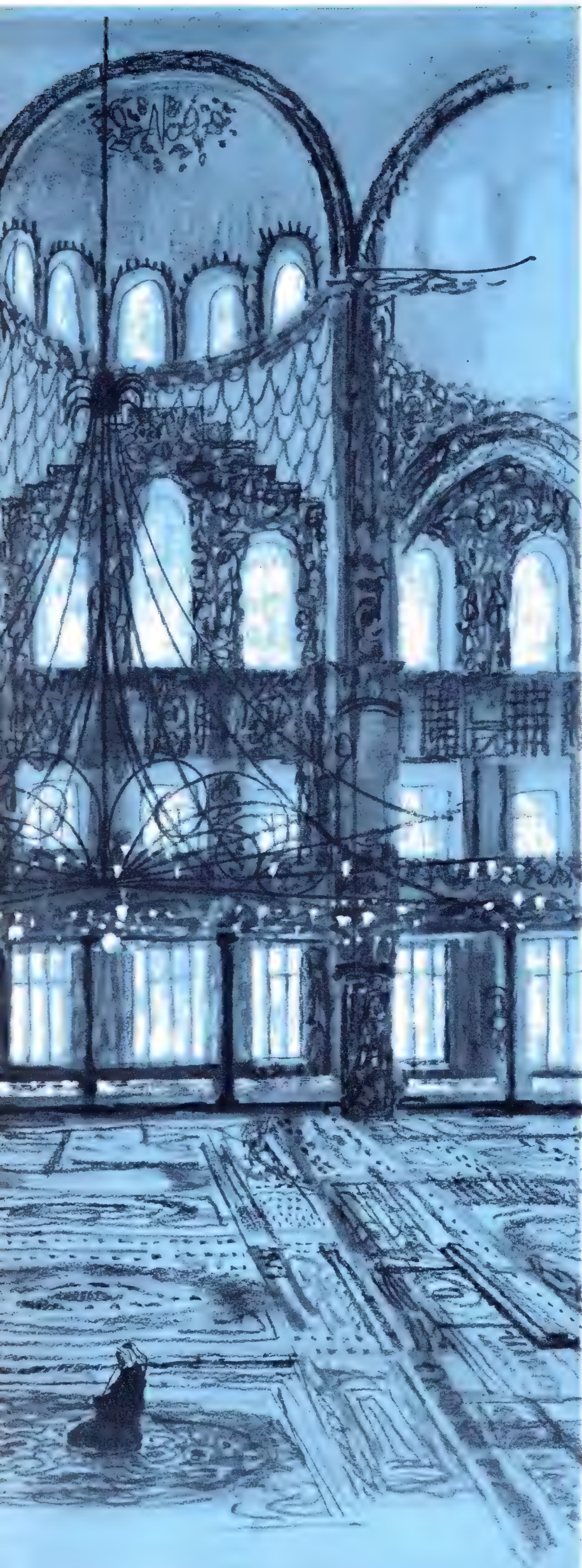
The glittering Golden Horn nudges the base of our hill-top. This deep-water inlet is the storied port of old, where whole fleets once valleyed safe. Now you see it sheathed in stinking docks, slums and industrial muck, the sheath decayed yet the blade God-renewed forever. We are among the green, headstone-frosted hills of the necropolis, here by the tip of the Horn. In a fraction of a second your eye sweeps the five miles of narrow bright water to its mouth at the Sea of Marmara. There lifts the ancient town, mother-of-pearl from this distance. Next to your mother city, it must surely be the world's loveliest skyline. Not a skyscraper in sight, but everywhere the gentle bubbling domes of old, old Byzantine churches and Islamic mosques. There are over 500 mosques in this worshipful place, and more than 600 of those

other-worldly pointers—minarets. Our grandfathers compared the minarets to pencils; theirs was an optimistically calculating age. We for our part cannot help comparing them to rockets. For here at Istanbul we lie upon a borderland of prayer rugs, flying carpets, hookahs, odalesques—and stationary rockets, too.

For over 25 hundred years this grimy pearl of a metropolis has gleamed, often in the shadow of threatened siege. She was first a Greek and afterwards a Roman colony. As Constantinople, the capital of Christian Byzantium, she held the Mediterranean gates against the Moslem hordes. Then after centuries of struggle the Ottoman Turks overwhelmed her in 1453. So she became "Islam-Bol," for "many Moslems." Within a century the made-over city ruled one of the world's greatest empires, extending from the walls of Vienna to the passes of Afghanistan. Europe both feared and courted the Turkish sultans. Suleiman the Magnificent, with his Admiral Barbarossa, allied himself with Francis I of France in his classic struggle against the emperor Charles V. Good Queen Bess sent to one of Suleiman's successors a pipe organ equipped with mechanical singing blackbirds. But Istanbul held jealously back from the modern world, gradually forsaking all except her own romance. Bismarck said he never bothered to open his mail from Turkey, though he did post off a jeweled beer stein for the sultan. Poets have raved about Istanbul; some tourists rave against it. William Butler Yeats invoked that "Dolphin-torn, that gong-tormented sea"; the eloquently miserable Robert Liddell speaks instead

Illustrated for LIFE International by RICHARD M. POWERS

CONTINUED



ISTANBUL CONTINUED

of "pickax-torn and tram-tormented streets." Progress, reluctantly, is come. Today the city is of Europe, and it holds the Mediterranean gates against a new sort of infidel: the Communist.

Some 75 years ago, the painter Frederic Remington saw what railroads were doing to the American West. "I knew the wild riders and the vacant land were about to vanish forever," he wrote, "and the more I considered the subject, the bigger the *forever* loomed." Now that same forever, that eternal loss, faces the genial capitals of the whole wide, wild world. Air travel and motor traffic are murdering the world's great cities. To tell one capital from another by its individual qualities will soon become impossible. For identification purposes, landmarks will have to serve in place of atmosphere. Everywhere the atmosphere will be the same—smog, neon, cliffs of glass and concrete, cars like lice and the blank unsmiling glance of someone you thought you saw in Paris, or was it Milan? Progress should be something to pursue, but this pursues us. It is more like smallpox. However, Istanbul is only in the first mild stage of the disease at present, the stage of gentle and industrious (though calculating) optimism such as our grandfathers knew. In some ways Istanbul resembles the New York that Frederic Remington went home to, home from the vanishing prairie.

ISTANBUL'S population has doubled, to over two million, in the past 10 years. Bank lotteries support a frantic building boom outside the city walls. Slab-sided new apartment houses, which often top the eight-story maximum allowed inside the town, are giving her green, sheep-nibbled suburbs the look of a Titan graveyard. Outposts of slum and factory extend far beyond the city's old-time battlements—their watchtowers smokestacks and their pennants ragged fumes. Broad highways stripe the hospitable hills without, and avenues bite through the maze within the city walls. The camel is fled from the streets of Istanbul, but not the dolphin from her waters. Smart, clean cats, the city's most elegant creatures, are everywhere. So are dirty pigeons. In mid-April of each year come those privileged citizens the storks, winging in from Africa. They circle and salute the metropolis; then they disperse, each to his own summer tree or chimney. In the middle of October they depart once more, with equal ceremony.

Nature, like the storks, is half in and half out of Istanbul. It seems reluctant to desert so pearly, though stony, a pasture. Earth here is no dank backyard sprite but a Great Mother which the city necklaces. The ancient fortifications are half green, "branchy between towers." Flowered hills rise from the waterside. Forests murmur almost at the gates, and vacant lots in town are apt to be gardens. The Air here is neither filthy nor "conditioned," but of a wet silver sheen. Songbirds still out-choir the muezzins in their minarets, and the cocks too are clocks. Fire

GUIDE TO ISTANBUL: WHERE

Istanbul, which rises from seven hills beside the garden-girt strait called the Bosphorus in a magnificent minareted setting, is still one of the world's great crossroads. For Istanbul's finest dining, see *LIFE International's Gourmet Guide*, starting on page 73. Below is a brief guide to the city's high spots: **WHERE TO STAY.** The top luxury hotels are the Hilton (two-bedroom Presidential Black Sea Suite \$78, double room with bath \$10-\$16, depending on view of Bosphorus); and the Cinar, 30 minutes from the city, on the Sea of Marmara, which boasts water skiing and tennis (double from \$10; one-bedroom suite \$33). First-class are the Park (double with bath \$8), offering a superb view of the junction of the Bosphorus, the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmara; the Divan (\$11-\$13); and the Pera Palas (\$8), where Atatürk's suite is preserved as a shrine and which was the finest establishment in the Middle East when it was built. A good low-budget hotel is the Yeni Sehir (\$5). A 15% service charge is added to the above prices except at the Pera Palas.

WHAT TO SEE. Santa Sophia, which was transformed from a church to a mosque in 1453 and now is a museum (closed Mondays); the Blue Mosque nearby; the ancient Hippodrome and the Topkapi Palace. On the palace grounds is the Treasury (closed Tuesdays), the archaeological museum containing Alexander's sarcophagus, and the Sultan's stables. The Seraglio is closed. Kaariye Museum in Chora contains some of the world's finest mosaic work (closed Tuesdays). At the Rüstem Pasha Mosque near the spice market can be seen what are probably Turkey's finest 16th Century

In the three-and-a-half-century-old "Blue Mosque," a woman kneels in solitary prayer beneath a huge, wrought-iron chandelier. Afternoon light pours through the windows to illumine the rich prayer rugs.

alone, among the four great "elements" listed by Empedocles, hides its light in this metropolis. Here the sun is amber, often as not, gleaming through rain clouds of smoky quartz. Black Sea coal stokes the outlying factories, and charcoal the tavern braziers. But Water, moving water, is the hair, beard, mantle, eyes and crown of Istanbul. For cool sweet springs surround the city; flowing fountains abound within it. Far more marvelous still is the cold, swift, faintly saline current of the Bosphorus forever pouring past Istanbul, swirling into its Golden Horn and rushing on to refresh the silver Sea of Marmara. Deep clear waters, shimmering with delicious fish and laden with the slow dance of great ships, invade the very center of Istanbul; in fact, they are its center. Nowhere else do sea and land together so enhance a great city.

One might hope to find here a laughing, slim-footed race, with limbs of liquid satin and flowers embroidered in their hair. Turks are not like that, however. They are southern cousins to the Finns, equally sons of the Eurasian steppe. Dismounted now, tamed and Westward-turning, they appear to plod. They are thickset, muscular, phlegmatic, drab in their Western-style clothes. Yet an engaging liveliness runs just beneath the surface, glinting like minnows in calm water. A country glow of health infuses this people also, and they still possess the villager's serene, unconscious dignity of body. On the quayside or at a fountain, while fishing, washing, gossiping or simply waiting, they fall into groups of the utmost grace. Point a camera, though, or ask a question, and it vanishes on the instant. They become awkward, often with eagerness to please. These citizens still manage to find strangers more amusing than annoying as a rule. (*Turizm* will soon reverse the rule, no doubt.) Among the children are many who trail clouds of glory here, as everywhere. They frankly stand and stare until you catch their eyes; then some hop abstractedly, some giggle knowingly and the rest scatter. They have a touching seriousness, too, as of children in books. The adults on the contrary often seem pretend-solemn. These frown slowly (as if remembering) and smile swiftly (as if forgetting). They will show you their work, or their watches, or the way, or whatever you like, with undisguised pleasure. Or if one or two stand back and sneer, that adds a certain welcome balance to the scene. Perhaps the "Cruel Turk" is an abstraction after all. Certainly the Gentle Turk is not. His shabby, warm, old-fashioned glow is Istanbul's gleam.

Greek mythology tells of a 100-eyed monster named Argus, who was destroyed by Hermes—the god of swift intelligence. Sometimes it seems as if Argus must have slithered back to life in our time. But now the monster is become a squatting Celebretotem—with television screens its hundred eyes and microphones its buzzing, obscene tongues and newsprint skin, and scaly ears of stereophonic tin. Intelligence cannot overcome the beast a second time; Hermes flies off. But here in Istanbul you can still see Hermes' winged foot going out of one gate, so to speak, while mud-nosed Entertainment pushes in at the other. In general the citizens amuse themselves. They can even sit and watch the traffic with no

apparent restlessness. They dream their own dreams; and this, even from without, is a sweet thing to see. A man who is dreaming his own dreams and not yours will actually prove more sympathetic as well as independent. Creatures of the Celebretotem huddle together as if keeping warm, but they seldom really look at one another. Spiritually each slave and dupe of mass entertainment remains alone. But the free man, solitary and watchful in a waking world, carries both visions and the word of them. He resists you; also, he greets you. Perhaps the sharpest single joy that any city affords is to pass a fellow mortal in the street and see flash through the natural reserve of his glance a rare, bold, unspoken clarity—as of brother to brother. Through such silent, unsentimental and momentary dialogues one enters another Istanbul. The City of Man, or the City of God if you like, seems suddenly closer here.

Yet the fact remains that ever since the Turkish conquest, Western

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TO STAY AND WHAT TO BUY

tiles. Guided bus tours (\$2.80) go to the underground cistern known as the Sunken Palace, the Aqueduct of Valens and Eyüp Mosque, at the tip of the Golden Horn; up the Bosphorus' European shore to within sight of the Black Sea; to the Asiatic shore and up Çamlıca Hill for a panoramic view of Istanbul, and through Belgrade Forest to Kilyos Beach on the Black Sea. Don't overlook the motorboat trip up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea (\$2.80). Hate tours? Hop a taxi, with or without guide. The meter probably won't be working, so have the hotel porter settle the fare in advance. Cheapest of all, if you can master Turkish signs, is the street bus (6¢). **WHERE TO SHOP.** The Covered Bazaar is a must. Once there, ask for directions to the Junk Bazaar, crammed with old weapons, old jewelry, china, brass, furniture. NEVER pay the first asking price. Besides the Junk Bazaar section try: for rugs and antique jewelry, Davud Musazade, Cinanyan Arnak, M. Akavi; for silverware, Mehmet Oztaygun, Ibrahim Güngördü; for quick jewelry repairs, George Frenkoğlu's Ceylan Shop, a favorite with U.S. tourists. For rare and authentic antiques visit Abdullah Kent on the Hilton Hotel's lobby floor.

NIGHT LIFE. Istanbul's main thoroughfare, İstiklal Caddesi, is full of belly-dance spots. The most reliable is Wagon Bleu (\$5-\$8 for dinner, drinks and fast-moving floor show). Most typically Turkish is Cumhuriyet, near the British Consulate (\$5-\$6). For dining and dancing: the Hilton's Sadirvan Room (\$8-\$12) and Roof Garden (drinks \$2.20 each); Kervansaray (\$8-\$12); Taksim Municipal Casino (\$5-\$7), the town's best buy.

In the Grand Bazaar, Istanbul's first covered market, the atmosphere is murky and cavelike, but the lights of the 5,000 shops help passers-by to find their way along the maze of narrow, twisting corridors.





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ISTANBUL CONTINUED

travelers have suffered loneliness and ennui in Istanbul. Partly this is because, compared with other Mediterranean peoples, the Turk does seem undemonstrative. Yet one may like that quality. The people are less dampening than the air, in fact; Istanbul really is humid. Although the sun shines from late April through October, and into the winter as well, Istanbul does not sparkle, she gleams; a gentle gloom patinas her old glories. Chief among these glories, a Turkish army officer once told me, are "nature, and the mosques." He was right—although the Christian visitor will add a few immortal relics of Byzantium: notably the onetime churches of Santa Sophia and the Holy Saviour in Chora.

The commonest complaint heard here (as throughout the Middle East) is against the petty officials. "Sullen torpor" sums up the general findings on these roadblockers. Yet one's own brushes with them may prove pleasant enough. For example, it is true that permission to visit certain art monuments requires first a round of guarded offices where one meets with stony faces and what seems a total absence of English. Yet if one just plunges ahead—remembering meanwhile to request the necessary permits as a personal favor rather than a right—the temperature may rise perceptibly. English is spoken after all, it seems (being Turkey's second language). Friendly chats follow, marmaladed with good wishes, while the all-important scraps of paper, signed with splendid monograms, come into being. Moreover the guards at the monuments themselves can be startlingly thoughtful. When my wife wished aloud to photograph some high overhead mosaics in Santa Sophia and frescoes in Chora (although cameras are forbidden in both places) eager crews appeared with scaling ladders and lights to aid her work. And when I presumed to admire Turkish calligraphy, the casements of a certain ancient and half-secret library flew open, and priceless manuscripts were piled in our laps. Frank admiration for the cultural inheritance of Turkey is one way to the Turkish heart.

Turkish calligraphy is wonderful. Westerners whose eyes have recently been opened by abstract painting will find further revelations in this art. In size it ranges from the microscopic to the monumental, and its multitudinous styles will remind you of everything from twining morning glories to massed cavalry. Someone once said that the Koran was "revealed to an Arab, recited by Persians, and written down by Turks." Many of their own greatest mystics have driven a pair of horses, white and black—poetry and calligraphy together. One such charioteer of the infinite was Jalāl al-Dīn Rūmī, of Kon-
ya. His life work opens with the lines:

*List to this reed, how it utters its lament,
Tells the tale how from the reed-bed it was rent.*



What an invocation that is! An austere beginning, quiet and almost abstract, it may be presumed to follow a first little fountain of flute notes—then this handful of words, like dropping seeds. The words welcome the music; they say hello to the flute as a fellow creation of both God and man. These first lines conjure up a story too, of a hollow reed cut off from Earth and Water, torn from amongst its clustering, whispering brothers, and martyred: lopped and pierced to make separate notes for the Song's sake. And so now again it begins, like some lost, obedient bird, to tell—what? The Westerner knows not. Twenty-four thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine more lines follow—beautiful to see; silent singing.

The mosques of Istanbul can be as intimate as a gem or seemingly as expansive as the rainbow. Big and little alike reflect the same basic pattern as does Santa Sophia: pillars and inlaid walls like a geometrical garden grove upholding a skyey dome. Whether this form of sacred architecture was originally a Byzantine or a Turkish invention has been much disputed. It ideally engenders the communal worship of one God, in either case. Take the most famous, the "Blue Mosque" of Sultan Ahmet, as a start and you will almost certainly want to experience many others in good time. Like some early-morning home-comer you hold your shoes in your hand, stepping across the threshold onto the warm-colored carpets. Nobody bothers you; indeed you are welcome. Here are no pews or chairs, but the pillars make convenient back rests for visitors and the infirm. The dome will take your eye at once. Its blue tiling, from which the name of this mosque derives, looks sunshiny and wet together—like a sky hung out to dry. Here as in every mosque we meet no insistent images, only rich ornamentation. No altar faces us, nor is there any sense of a divine presence localized within the building. Only an inlaid prayer niche—a *mihrab* lit by a starry lamp in the eastern apse—seems a doorway to the Beyond. What though *that* way will never open for oneself? One still feels like waiting; it is good here.

CHRISTIAN tradition tells of a juggler who, thinking himself poor at prayer, tried to amuse the Virgin Mary with his tricks instead, performing alone at night before her altar. And she was pleased. The followers of Mohammed pray with the body also: they perform what amounts to a still-centered dance of worship, with many, many prostrations and lovely, quiet gestures of the hands and head. Besides being a beautiful discipline this is rather a formidable one, which must in itself go far to make the body a firm vessel for the soul. The brooding stranger who watches motionless from his flying carpet, so to speak—in but not of this worship—may yet be moved by it. Then the actual service begins, with cage-shattering

CONTINUED



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ISTANBUL CONTINUED

chants of exaltation that are both unutterably splendid and strange.

After the service it is pleasant to wander down by the broad Galata Bridge across the Golden Horn. This links the ancient town, called *Stamboul* now, to the modern section which is *Beyoğlu*. Riding low on fat pontoons, the bridge swings open for an hour at dawn only, to pass the water traffic of the Horn. Every 15 minutes or so, nearby ferries start across the Bosphorus to Asia—and one of Istanbul's boroughs, *Üsküdar*. (Except Suez, this is the only city on two continents.) Life about the bridge is brisk, but not yet hectic. Toonerville trolleys, sultan-red in the sunlight, spill tea-colored Turks hurrying in all directions. Raw youths stand in odd corners hawking combs, comic books, lighter fluid, razor blades. Iron-backed porters move bent double, smoking cigarets sometimes, under full crates larger than themselves. Fishing boats, warped up to the bridge, display their purple, pink and silver catches glistening in crimson panniers.

STROLLING on, we thread the Street of Typists: silent men with portables set on up-ended soapboxes under the trees; ready to put your lease, your longing or your curse on paper. Clients sit sideways to the typists, on camp chairs, bending to murmur as if in the ears of priests. We come to the Spice Market: drab booths whose wooden drawers contain the kitchen treasures of the Orient—*Yeni-bahar*, *Biber*, *Somak*, *Kimyon*. The language is sticky; modern Turkey has exchanged the Arabic for the Roman alphabet, which makes signs simple to read, and also it incorporates a high percentage of Internationalese. But for the rest you are on your own. If you want the cops, for example, yell *Polis!* But in case of fire you must cry *Yangin!* "One, two, three," is *Bir, İki, Üç*. One looks about at least for an English-speaking guide: *İngilizce bilen bir rehber istiyorum!* But if the weird Eurasian tongue constitutes a problem, the curious cooking does not. It reeks with delights, such as fresh baby swordfish skewered with bay leaves and charcoal-grilled, or filet of fresh sea bass swiftly baked in a paper-thin pastry. *Ayran*, cold liquid yogurt, is delicious—a real surprise.

It is tempting to go out upon the water. Aboard the larger ferries will be lively company and even (with luck) an itinerant conjurer. He may seem only a hulking old stevedore until he reaches over suddenly. "Hey, *presto!*" He draws two lumps of sugar from a schoolgirl's nose. Now he politely appropriates your watch, swallows it, and digs it out again from underneath his shirt. Thus casually, fluttering and tromping like some elephantine butterfly, he weaves his tiny and historic mysteries amongst the passengers. An hour and a half across the Sea of Marmara brings you to Buyukada, the old Prinkipo, a resort island, redolent of sun and pine. Or an hour in the other direction, up along the Bosphorus, will raise for you the grim castle: Rumeli Hisar. The strait is only half a mile wide at this point, where man tides of conquest have crossed and recrossed between the continents. Darius, for example, came this way.

Farther up the Bosphorus, near its Black Sea entrance, swings a chain of submarine nets. Part of it is opened for traffic in the daytime; at sundown it shuts. Russia's new sea sharks have not, apparently, dared this barrier. From here a wide new highway will take you swiftly back to town. On the way you pass the Military Jockey Club where (once again if you are lucky) the stormiest, hammiest and lightest-footed cavalry in all the world will be out practicing.

Among the more commercial offerings of Istanbul are Turkish baths (one of them four centuries old) and the ageless, bland attractions of the belly dance. Also, shopping in the Grand Bazaar. But this columned and roofed-over district holds little that is either chic or exotic. It is in the main a neon-scribbled endless cavern of shiny, shoddy manufactures: *Radyo*, *Naylon*, *Parfüm* and the rest. For a thousand years and more this city was a jeweler's haven, yet its contemporary jewelry is of nowhere and everywhere; trash too. As for

CONTINUED

AUTHOR ELIOT

Alexander Eliot, American art critic, writer and scholar, now lives in Athens, where he is engaged in studies of the ancient world. His books include *Sight and Insight*, which treated of art as a significant experience, and which was ranked among the best works appearing in 1959. His next book, tentatively titled *Earth, Air, Fire and Water*, will deal with nature as a significant experience.





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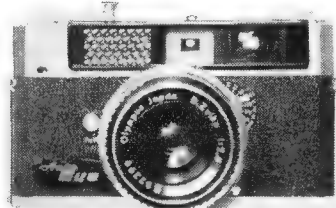
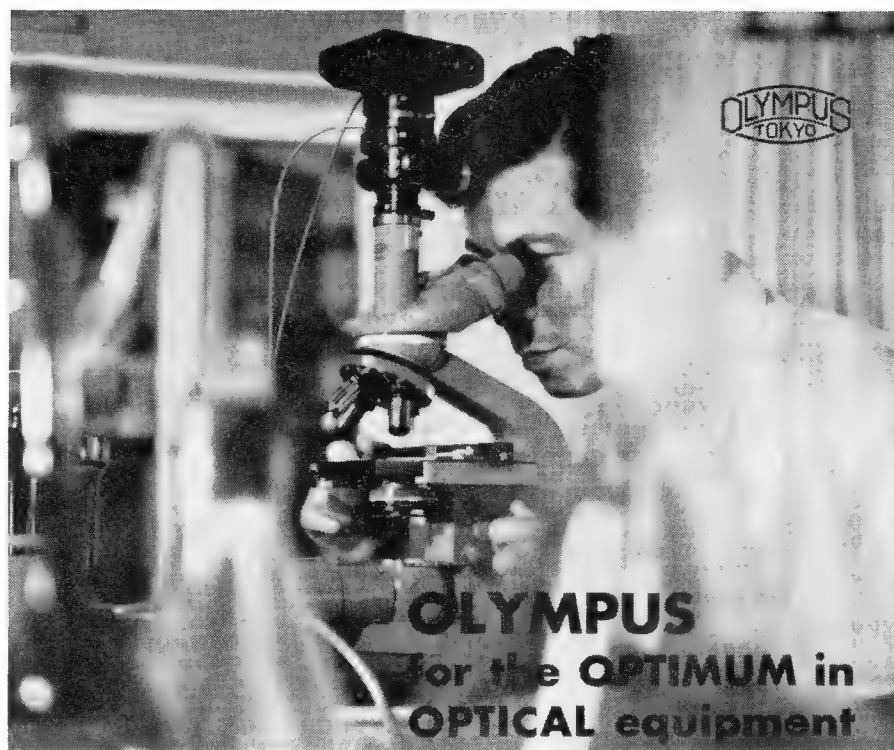
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ISTANBUL CONTINUED

"the sort of stone expressly denominated *turquoise*," one crusty customer has complained, "they know not what you mean." Yet stop a bit. How about an old copper lunch pail? Such modest relics of the past can be astonishingly exquisite, once they are polished and returned to use. Or would you perhaps prefer a shoeboxful of sleeping, many-hued enchantment? Shadow-play puppets can be that. Where mass production numbs, folk art still nourishes; rich loot for the rootless. The prices of such personal, mind-warming things are naturally adjusted—up or down, but always in the friendliest way—to the cut of your pirate sails.

Time was, long and long ago, when folk art and fine art were one and the same garment, seamless, woven in one and the same faith. That no more can be. But to see how it was, to feel how it was, and put on for a moment the comfort of a lingering, lost joy, we need only bend our way to the Church of the Holy Saviour in Chora. Its close harmony of many-colored marbles makes the inside of this church akin to opal. An open, opalescent picture book it seems, alive with Bible stories in mosaic and fresco. The pictures mostly date from about the time of Giotto—towards the collapse of Byzantium, that is to say, and the beginning of the Renaissance in Europe. The newly opened mortuary chapel, where the frescoes are, compares indeed with Giotto's immortal Arena Chapel at Padua. Both are dynamos of spiritual life, true centers wherein one's heart also centers.

MODERN pilgrimages are apt to be artistic rather than religious, so perhaps it is appropriate that such churches and chapels as these have been turned into museums. Even Santa Sophia is secular now. Having served for nine centuries as the Church of Holy Wisdom, and for another five as the Mosque of Holy Wisdom, she is now the Museum of Holy Wisdom—a mind-expanding triumph still. The Byzantine Emperor Justinian built her in the mid-Sixth Century, and pious legend says he sprang to heaven on the strength of this single accomplishment. Ten thousand workmen and a hundred master masons finished the seeming miracle in less than five years. They created an undistinguished exterior—except for the pure quiet sweep of its dome, seen afar. For its interior columns and adornments they relentlessly quarried the greatest pagan temples of Ionia, Greece, Italy, Egypt and Syria. Santa Sophia's unbelievably huge free space, under a dome that seems suspended, as it were, from heaven, must have fairly blazed with the reflected lights and colored shadows of gold, silver, enameling, mosaics, porphyry, onyx, rare marbles and precious stones. When he entered to dedicate the church in 548 Justinian was heard to exclaim: "Glory be to God, who hath thought me worthy to accomplish so great a work; I have vanquished thee, O Solomon!"

Since that day, great age and barbarian depredations—along with heavy plastering and other pious readjustments made by the iconoclastic Moslems—have sadly dimmed Santa Sophia's dazzle. At first glance it may seem disappointingly remote and cold. Archaeologists are finding a buried treasure of mosaics beneath its plaster, however, and by slow degrees Santa Sophia may learn to shine once more. Meanwhile its most essential beauty remains as apparent as always. Because, as with the mind itself, the glory of this wisdom shrine lies within its very construction. The human mind is so made as to give room to an infinity of thought. The size, symmetry and shaping of the space within this building echo that infinity. Therefore it is "Santa Sophia," and no other construction on earth, except the Parthenon, has proved such a mother vine to the marbled arbors of mankind. Saint Peter's church in Rome and Saint Paul's in London, to name two major examples, hark back to this living emptiness, this mental masonry, this music of the mind which brick and stone obey.

From Santa Sophia to the park where stood the ancient Byzantine Hippodrome is only a step. Hardly anything historic remains here, but excellent tea is to be had. After one's struggle to participate imaginatively in the greatest architecture, it is good to sit a while and watch the sparrows. This green ground was blood-soaked dust in olden times. Not only chariot racing but also gladiator battles, burnings, public tortures, mass executions—indeed, all the enormities of the Colosseum in Rome (along with a few local subtleties such as mass copulation, ordered and carried out on pain of death) took place here also. Saint John Chrysostom called the Hippodrome "Satanodrome." The Ottoman sultans continued its bloodthirsty traditions, adding a few more appealing Oriental festivals of their own. Take for instance the public coming-of-age party for the prince who was to be Mehmet III. He appeared in the Hippodrome wearing a gold-embroidered suit of crimson satin and sporting a single emerald earring, while two black herons' plumes danced in his turban, and in his hand he bore a crystal mace. Among the showier presents offered him were four giraffes, nine elephants, 11 storks, 17 lions, 19

CONTINUED

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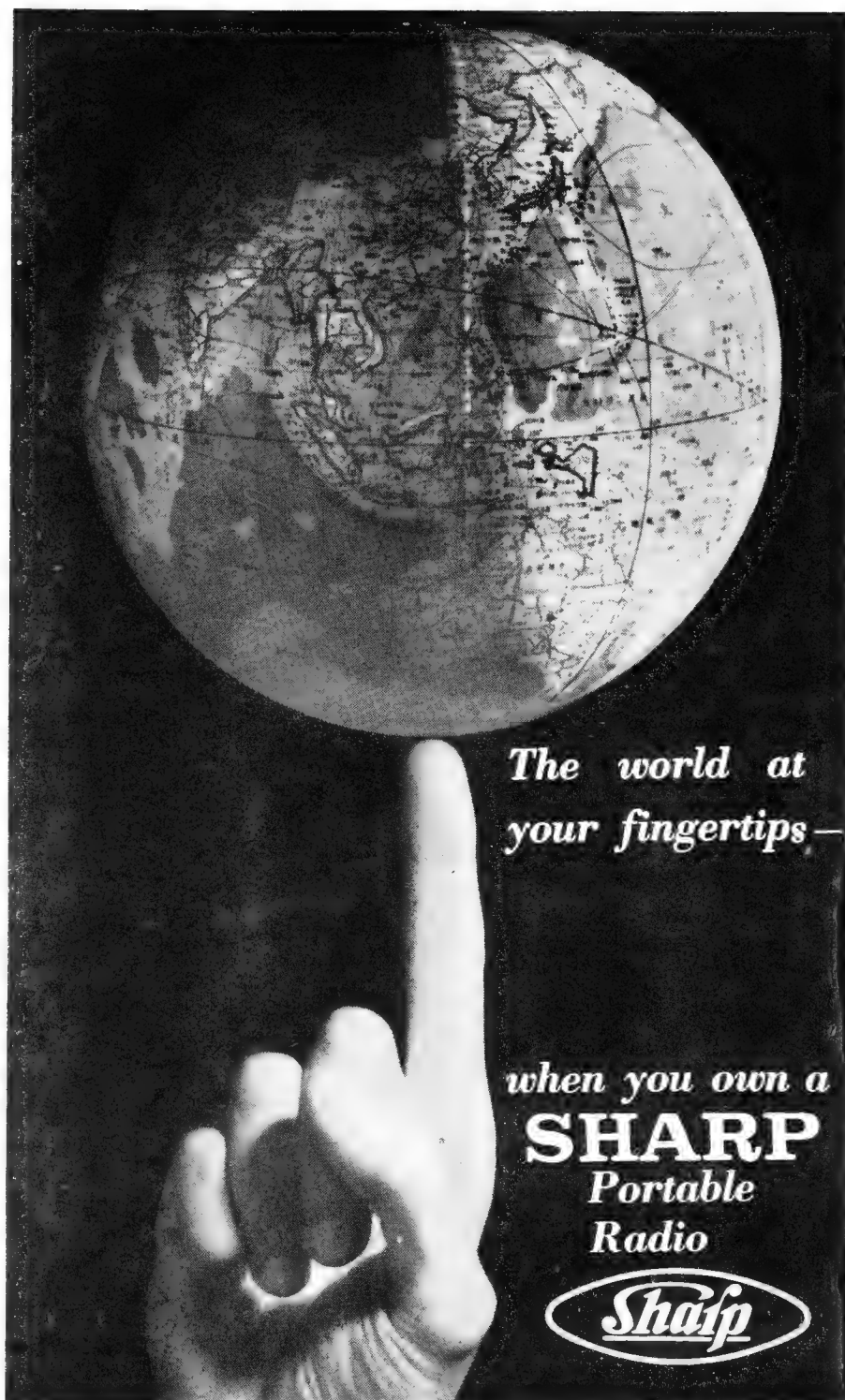


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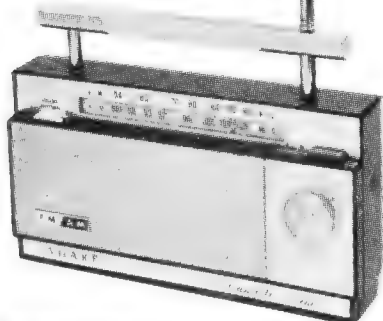
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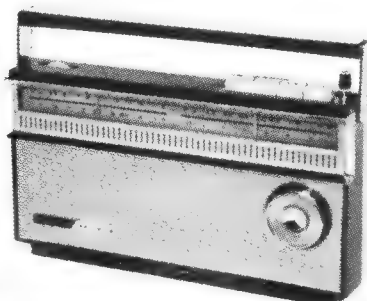
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ISTANBUL CONTINUED

leopards, 21 camels, 22 horses, 25 falcons and—nine sirens, the whole menagerie being made of sugar candy. Such festivities occasioned grand parades as well, in which every professional guild took part: arrow makers, nightingale dealers, tumblers, bear-trainers with their shuffling charges, stark-naked pearl divers, tripe-cooks, asylum-keepers leading long files of lunatics in chains, 80 litter-borne coffee-house bards, night watchmen with torches, shouting "Stop Thief!" and, last but not least, the Lord High Executioner with his train, carrying 77 separate instruments of persuasion, chastisement and death.

The Seraglio, the old Sultan's Palace, stands not far from the Hippodrome, on a high point of land overlooking the Horn, the Bosphorus and Marmara, all three. Four or five thousand subjects once inhabited this court. The luckiest amongst them were perhaps the page boys. These children, regularly seized out of Europe by the power of Turkish arms, got a 12-year education of the utmost quality and rigor. Their training seems to have been based partly on Plato's *Republic*, and its object was to maintain the Turkish Empire's governing class of philosophic warriors—the dread Janizaries—by another and more selective means than mere blood right. The Sultan's harem was less lucky—a thousand or more tender prisoners kept and fattened like so many ducklings for his possible, and sole, enjoyment. The white-skinned keepers of these "fresh flowers" were partially castrated and their black guards wholly so. Boredom doubtless ruled the harem more than any man could have done. Indiscretions naturally followed—although their punishment was to be sewn into a sack and heaved headlong from the walls into the careless sea. Some romancers have found this sort of thing entrancing.

There is an undeniable enchantment in the few remaining royal "kiosks." These little pleasure houses for intimate parties will remind you of various vulgar derivations (called by the same name) in the West, and of oldtime Japanese teahouses in the East. Turkish kiosks bear approximately the same relation to world architecture as Persian miniatures do to world painting. Yet despite such architectural bouquets the atmosphere about the palace must have been heavy indeed. The Hall of the Divan, or chief committee room, where the Grand Vizier consulted with the Governors, is lovely as board rooms go. Yet here too one notices a chilling touch: an iron-latticed window high up in back of the Vizier's couch. The interior window looked out from the Sultan's own apartments. His ministers could never know if the Sultan were eavesdropping up above, like some jealous god, or not.

IN the mid-19th Century the court passed from its medieval palace to a new one: a crystal-cum-plush *baklava* on the waterfront. It would make an excellent casino. Here the old regime expired, belatedly. Here Mustafa Kemâl Pasha ("Atatürk") tiptoed and powdered with his "Young Turks," bibulously battering into shape a brand-new nation under the sun. When cirrhosis of the liver overtook him in 1938, the Father of his Country chose a modest palace bedroom for his death chamber. He remains Turkey's chief secular hero, a George Washington within living memory.

A statesman cannot be a saint so soon, however, and the country people make their pilgrimages to a different shrine. Their patron saint is Eyüp, boon companion to the Prophet. Eyüp fell outside the city walls in an early and ill-fated siege; his tomb stands where he dropped. Turks call this the most sacred spot on earth—after Mecca. Here cocks and lambs are sacrificed and seemingly miraculous cures occur all the time. I have entered the green doors of Eyüp's gloomy, gorgeous mausoleum, yet I cannot say I saw it, for my eyes were not a pilgrim's eyes. Outside there is a centuries-old tree, reserved for disabled storks. An alley becomes the "Avenue of the Forty Steps" and climbs a hill thronged with thousands of companioning graves.

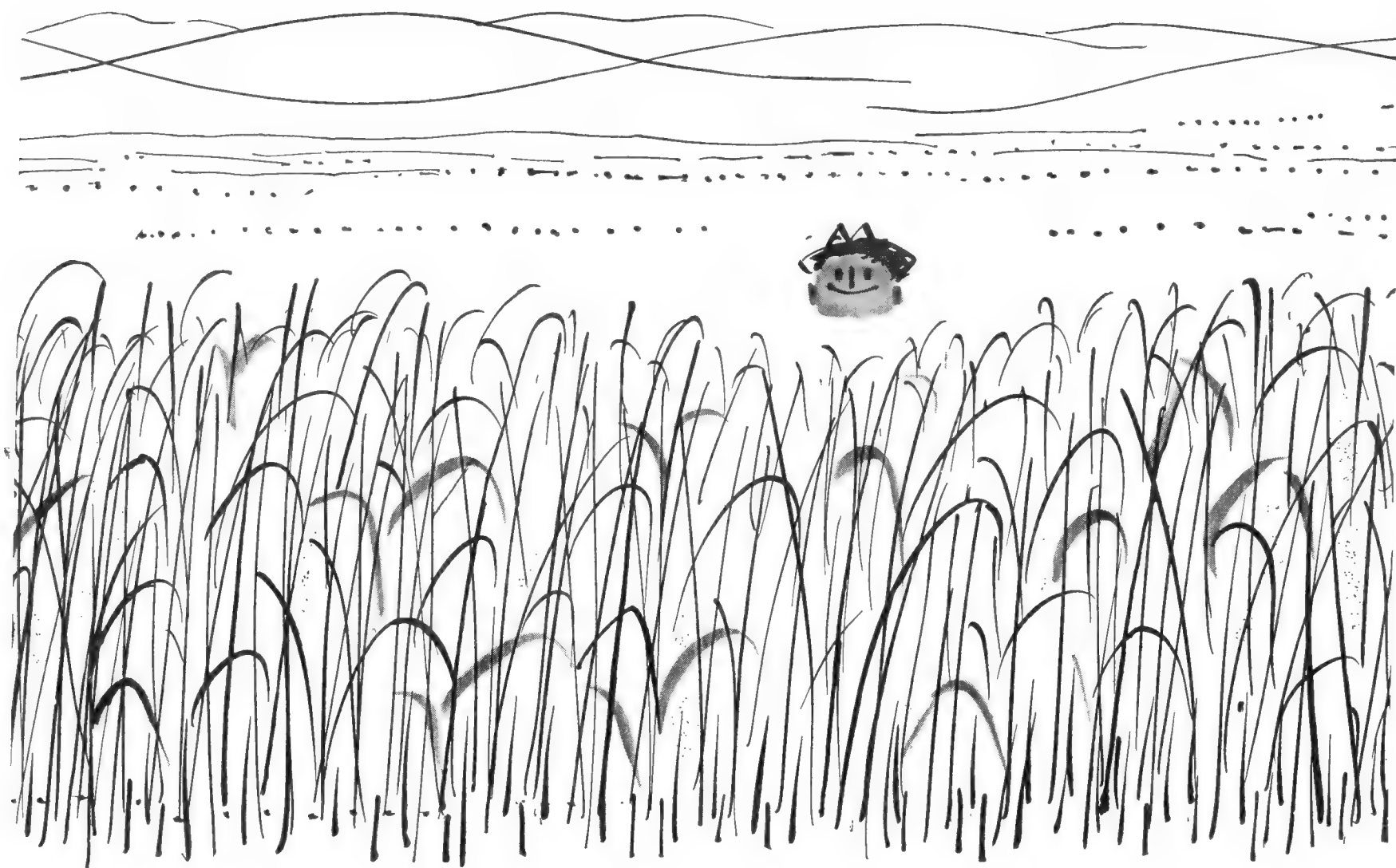
On the hilltop is the Piyer Loti, where we sit talking, finishing the *raki* that we brought along. Istanbul darkens before us: water, iron, mother-of-pearl, minarets, fish, flowers and fair glances and water, always water, all folding together now into night.

In front of the café that bears the Turks' name for Pierre Loti, children play among tombstones of a cemetery, youthfully heedless of the glorious view of the Golden Horn and central Istanbul.

GOURMET GUIDE TO TURKEY,
GREECE, LEBANON: PAGE 73



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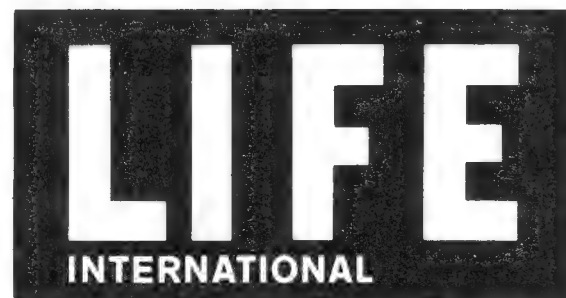
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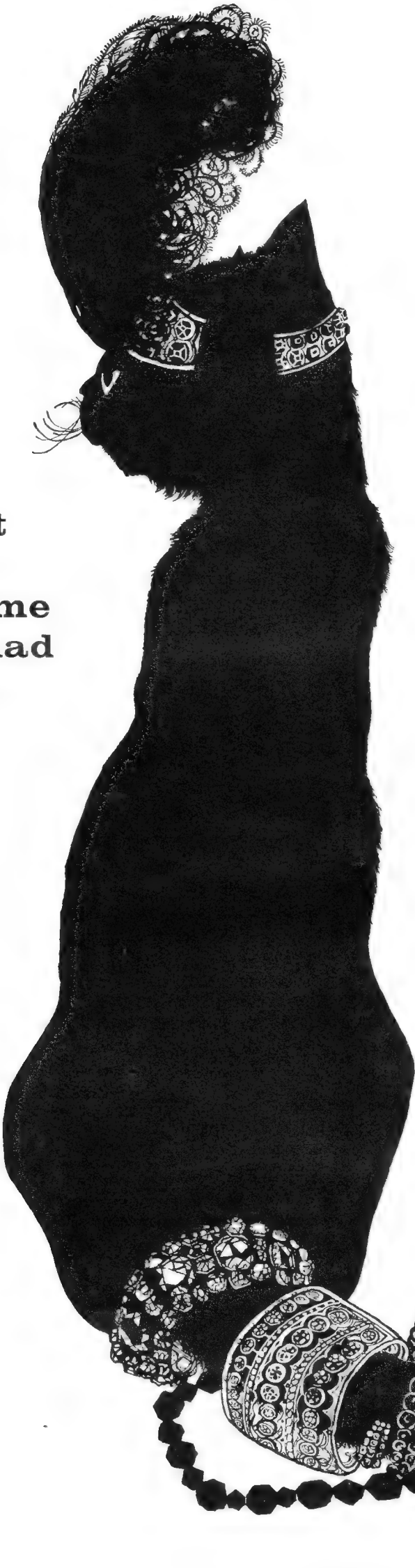
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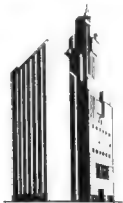


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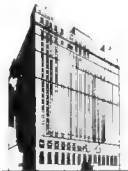


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Tour of Greece, Turkey and Lebanon

ANCIENT MID-EAST'S EXOTIC DISHES

In preparing this year's Gourmet Guides—to Scandinavia; Germany, Austria, Switzerland; Spain, Portugal; and the Mid-East—LIFE International was helped by the U.S. world traveler and gourmet Francis Guth, plus the special recommendations of local TIME-LIFE Correspondents John Larsson, Knud Meister, Arne Bonde, Gerd Kistenmacher, Clyde Farnsworth, Franz Spelman, Alex des Fontaines, Logan Bentley, William Richards, Anthony Antonakakis, Charles Lanus and Abu Said Abu Rich.

TO the palate used to Occidental cooking, the cuisine of Turkey, Greece and Lebanon will seem, at first, as strange as the names on the menus. *Imam beyildi*, the designation of a tasty dish of eggplant, means literally "the Imam fainted"; *dilber dudağı*, a small, spongy, syrup-soaked cake, means "sweetheart's lips."

Don't worry too much about the unfamiliarity of the dishes or the strangeness of their names; a waiter will be eager to translate the menus, and the adventure of visiting the Eastern Mediterranean will be incomplete unless the visitor samples the pleasures of the region's cooking.

Forget Scotch and vintage French wines, which are expensive and hard to get, for the duration of your visit, and drink the local product. Hard liquor in Greece is *ouzo*; in Turkey, *raki*; in Lebanon, *arak*. All are colorless, turn cloudy when mixed with water, and taste strongly of *anis*, somewhat like *Pernod*. The wines are pleasant rather than superior.

There is a family relationship among Greek, Turkish and Arabic cuisines. Basic to all is the use of lamb, eggplant and tomato; the addition of almonds, pine and pistachio nuts to everything from meat to pastries; and the presence on dining tables of cheese, olives, fresh fruits and vegetables. Seafood, freshly caught, abounds. All three styles of cookery use olive oil (but in different ways).

In this sunny crescent that rims the Eastern Mediterranean, food is to be enjoyed out of doors, by the waterfront (*above*); under the spotlighted Acropolis; on a balcony beside the Bosphorus, accompanied by the noises of the busy boat traffic; or on the road to Baalbeck, where summer festivals take place amid the splendid ruins of Roman temples.

You will find pork (or suckling pig) in Greece, but not in Moslem Turkey, and only occasionally in part-Christian, part-Moslem Lebanon.

Beef is rarely on the menu, for there is little grazing land on the rocky slopes of these mountainous countries, and beef must be imported.

Beyond the basic similarities, there are subtle differences that the trained palate will soon detect. In Greece the difference begins with the use of lemon—lemon juice to marinate, to baste, and to serve as a sauce in which to simmer. It appears in salads, and it is squeezed over meats just before they are served. It gives a light, sharp, crisp taste to Greek cuisine. A wide variety of herbs is available—thyme, oregano, fennel, dill, chervil, bay leaves, basil and mint—and they make every Greek salad an adventure. Meats are usually served chopped and encased in a vegetable—eggplant, tomato, peppers or squash.

The Turkish kitchen is a steppingstone from Greece to Arabia. With a flair for handling fresh vegetables, the Turks create countless varieties of *dolma*, one vegetable stuffed with many others or with rice or cracked wheat. Lamb is skewered, often with vegetables, broiled, and served as *shish kebab*. The rich, thin-layered sweet pastry, *baklava*, is delicious. The Turks do not use as many spices as the Greeks, but powdered cinnamon is a favorite.

In Turkey you begin to see the basic bread and milk products that are even more common in the Levant. The bread is flat, round and unleavened, is used as a plate, a food and even, at street stalls, as substitute for a napkin. The milk product is yoghurt or *leban*, used in all three countries as a dessert, with fresh or cooked fruit, as a base for simmering vegetables, or as a sauce for meat dishes.

In Greece, the logical place to start our tour, the national dish is *arni tis souvlas*—lamb on a spit. A whole spring lamb, seasoned with pepper and salt, is slowly and patiently turned on a spit over a charcoal fire for



In Istanbul, Abdullah's chef, Necati Ozgen, arranges a luscious display of fruits, vegetables and fresh fish to whet his customers' appetites.

GOURMET GUIDE CONTINUED

two hours. The innards, called *kokoretsi* or *splinandero*, which have also been roasting over the charcoal fire, are served as hors d'oeuvres and washed down with a local rosé. Order your wine *aretsinoto* (without resin) or your mouth will pucker at the strong turpentine taste. Good *aretsinoto* wines are Castel Danielis (red) and Samos (sweetish).

With the lamb comes a well-flavored salad made with seasonal greens. Then try *feta*, a white goat cheese which has a firm consistency and nutty flavor. For dessert you might choose *galaktoboureko*, a creamy custard covered with a thin crust of dough, or *yaourti*, the Greek name for yoghurt.

Dolma or *dolmades*, grape leaves wrapped around chopped meat, rice, onions and seasoning, and *moussaka*, chopped meat with eggplant, tomato sauce and seasoning cooked in a casserole, are flavorful main courses.

Fresh-cooked red mullet, red snapper or porgy, salted and seasoned with a little oregano and slowly broiled over charcoal can be a great delicacy. Shrimps (*garides*), crayfish (*karavides*), tiny clams (*kidonya*), squid (*kalamarakia*) and octopus (*ochtapodi*) broiled and served with a little olive oil and lemon make fine hors d'oeuvres. They can be used also as the base for a hearty Greek bouillabaisse (*bourghetto* or *kakavia*), stewed in earthen pots with olive oil, onions, garlic and black raisins.

To try these delicacies, start with Turkolimano, a beautiful little yacht harbor 15 minutes from Athens, where the waterfront is lined with some 30 seafood restaurants (*preceding page*). Choose any one, select the fish you relish from the refrigerator, retire to a table out on the wharves and sip on a dry white wine such as Pallini Alfa while the food is being prepared. The restaurants are plain and the bill will be modest.

Explore Plaka, the old town of Athens, and dine at Vakhos, a tavern whose name means Bacchus. From the terrace in the summer you can see the spotlighted Acropolis and Mount Lykabettos. Skewered dishes, *souvlakia*, are their specialties; ask about the varieties on the menu. Or try Costi's, a venerable restaurant with equally venerable waiters, for the best *moussaka* in Athens.

For elegant surroundings but more international, less authentically Greek food, eat at the Grande Bretagne, the hotel that is Athens' social center. Mullet roe would be a good choice but, whatever you order, be prepared for a steep bill.

Reserve a Sunday for an expedition to Delphi. Along the road, village taverns will be roasting whole lambs on spits out of doors. Stop for lunch at any of them; the process is fun to watch and the food good.

You'll undoubtedly want to visit at least a few of the nearby islands.

One of the loveliest is Corfu, where the royal family has its summer residence. Whether in a luxurious restaurant such as the Midage Castello or a more modern and modest one such as the Kognyli, the filling fisherman's soup, *bourghetto*, is the specialty—with which a local wine, Lavrano, goes well. Or try the langouste at the Tourist Hotel. On volcanic Santorini in the Aegean Sea, eat at Loukas, a tavern, to taste the small local tomatoes stuffed with a variety of meats and vegetables, and the thick chick-pea soup (*revithosoupa*). A strong local wine, Nyctheri, is one of the best in Greece.

From Greece to Turkey, traditional gateway to the East, is less of a culinary jump than a cultural one. Names of individual dishes, basically Turkish, vary from the Greek (sometimes only slightly) but the ingredients are similar. Lamb remains the favorite; however, Turks are extremely fond of chicken and other fowl. The city of Istanbul (*pp. 60-71*) not only boasts of hundreds of mosques but 129 kinds of edible fish from the surrounding seas. This great variety of seafood, whether grilled, baked, boiled or steamed en papillote, is superior. Bulgur, a wheat grain, gains favor alongside rice.

In Turkey, a meal starts off with *meze*, or elaborate hors d'oeuvres. To accompany the meal, try one of the palatable local wines or potent *raki*. Of the local red and white Kavaklidere and Doluca wines, the whites are the better. One of the reds, Buzbağ, is slightly sweet.

Abdullah's, an old Turkish restaurant on Istanbul's teeming main street, serves the best food in the country. Specialty of the house is *döner kebab*, thin slices of lamb that has revolved slowly around a charcoal fire. As the meat crisps, the layers are trimmed off and the small pieces of tender meat are placed atop *pilav*. Another specialty is *tavuk beğendi*, strips of boiled chicken placed on top of a few spoonfuls of *beğendi*, an eggplant puree, and served hot. *Patlican Karnıyarık*, eggplant stuffed with ground lamb, topped with chopped onion and tomato and baked, is also good.

Abdullah's seafood also is superb. Langouste in Turkish is *istakoz*, and is served simply grilled with butter sauce. *Kılıç* or swordfish is popular, either as steak or *kılıç şiş*, cubes of swordfish grilled on skewers with bay leaves, onion and tomato slices.

The atmosphere at Abdullah's is old-worldly, and its waiters attentive and expert, as befits a restaurant founded in 1888. Surprisingly enough, the talented chief chef, Necati Ozgen (*left*), is only 32.

It is fascinating to stroll through the spice bazaar in old Stamboul, across the Galata Bridge from the newer city. While there, eat at Pandeli's, a fine restaurant whose archways, decorated with blue-green Turkish tiles, enhance its Oriental atmosphere. Open for luncheon only, Pandeli's has an elaborate *meze*, is famed for its *kebabs*, and its sweets, such as *baklava*, *kadayıf* and *dilber dudağı*.

A relatively new restaurant, Boğaziçi, has three merits. The food is excellent. It is on the brink of the Bosphorus, and from it diners have a superb view of Asia while sitting in Europe. And its setting is the garden of a palace built by a pasha long dead. Open for lunch and dinner, Boğaziçi offers dancing in the evening. With the sea air to whet your



Elaborate Lebanese hors d'oeuvres course is called *mazza*. Most lavish display is offered by La Gondole which pyramids as many as 100 for guests.

appetite, try fish. The specialty of the house is *barbunya*, large rougets, similar to mullet. Bass, whether with Mornay sauce or en papillote (*levrek kâgitta*), is excellent.

From Liman Lokantasi (Harbor Restaurant) the whole panorama of the Golden Horn—the minarets of Santa Sophia across the river in old Istanbul, the harbor craft plying the straits—stretches before the diner. Open to the public only for lunch, Liman's caters to private cocktail and dinner parties in the evening. Its *meze* table is justly famous. It is filled with such tempting tidbits as red caviar salad, rice and pine nuts wrapped in grape leaves (*dolma*), sea bass in mayonnaise, beans in olive oil. But the rest of the fare is more international than Turkish. However, of local dishes, try gratin de fruits de mer à la Liman, baked fish and shellfish in a cream sauce.

Lebanon is a country of contrasts, a subtle blending of East and West. Its restaurants inevitably reflect that mixing, for they must cater to sophisticated Frenchmen and desert sheiks, peripatetic Americans and languorous Arabians. So, the visitor will find, especially in the capital city of Beirut, the widest variety of food.

For a true Arab restaurant, search out Al-Ajami, right in the heart of Beirut's souk district. There *meloukhieh*, lamb and chicken built up in layers with Arab bread, rice and spices, is done to perfection; the *kubbe* (baked lamb and wheat) is renowned for its tenderness, and *lahm mishwi* (lamb on skewers) for its succulence. The place never closes, and the prices are modest.

Another Arab place, more elegant, is La Gondole, on a second floor commanding a dazzling view of the sea and Beirut's landmark, the split eminence of Pigeon Rock. The food will satisfy as much as the view: spitted lamb, *houmos*, the meaty chick-peas prepared with garlic and oil. The *kebabe halabi*, balls of minced lamb on skewers, and *kubbe halabe* surpass all others in Lebanon.

For more cosmopolitan food and service in a setting both beautiful and exotic, stroll to the midtown edge of the Mediterranean to the Hotel St. Georges. The hotel juts out over the Mediterranean; the sun sparkles on the snow of distant mountain ranges; beautiful women parade in bikinis or Balenciagas, depending on the time of the day; and men huddle over tables making presumably mysterious deals.

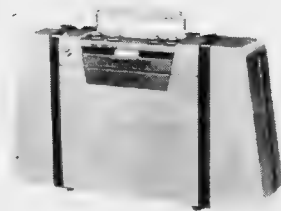
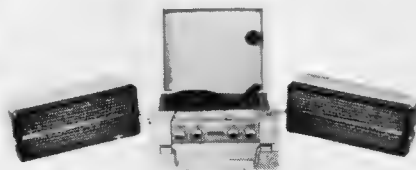
Older and more sedate Beirut gourmets choose Lucullus, where the food is French, the surroundings Spartan and no prices appear on the menu. But the food is formidable. Fish is their specialty. Or if you are of a mind to attend the music and drama festival at Baalbeck, 50 miles outside the city, stop for lunch in Zahle and eat at Akl, famous for its frogs' legs.

To celebrate an exotic Eastern Mediterranean adventure in travel and eating, finish your trip with a night at the fanciest club in Beirut, Caves du Roy, in the Hotel Excelsior. The atmosphere and orchestra for dancing will set the mood for your celebration, and the food will cap it, for it is excellent.

End your meal with *crêpes suzette*: the flame is an impressive furnace in the darkness of the Caves.



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1 The race is on! The closely bunched pack of 41 starters (31 running on Champions) roars through the first curve, shattering the Brazilian night with a speeding symphony of screaming tires and thundering exhausts. The contest started shortly after sundown, to avoid the searing summer sun as much as possible. Some 200 laps later, the car running slightly ahead in this photo was first to cross the finish line.



2 Car 44, the third-place finisher, hurries by a car that spun out in the only accident of the V Mil Milhas (5th Brazilian Thousand Mile Race). About 100,000 spectators watched leading Brazilian drivers whip their vehicles (mostly Brazilian made), through tight turns and tricky curves in an outstanding exhibition of fast, safe driving. Although somewhat modified, the cars are basically the kind used by the average Brazilian motorist.

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3 Two of the cars to survive the long night's demanding pace accelerate out of the Grand Curve that ends the 2-kilometer straightaway. By now mechanical failure has forced over half the cars out of competition. The 8-kilometer course, at São Paulo, Brazil, is a driver's nightmare of twists and turns. It makes this race a most demanding test of men, machinery—and spark plugs.



5 Winner of the V Mil Milhas was Francisco "Chico" Landi, Brazil's most popular automobile race driver. Here Landi poses with his winning JK at a São Paulo auto show, in front of a display for Brazil's most popular spark plug—Champion. Landi and his co-driver, Christian Heins, always select silvery-plated Champion spark plugs—for any kind of driving.



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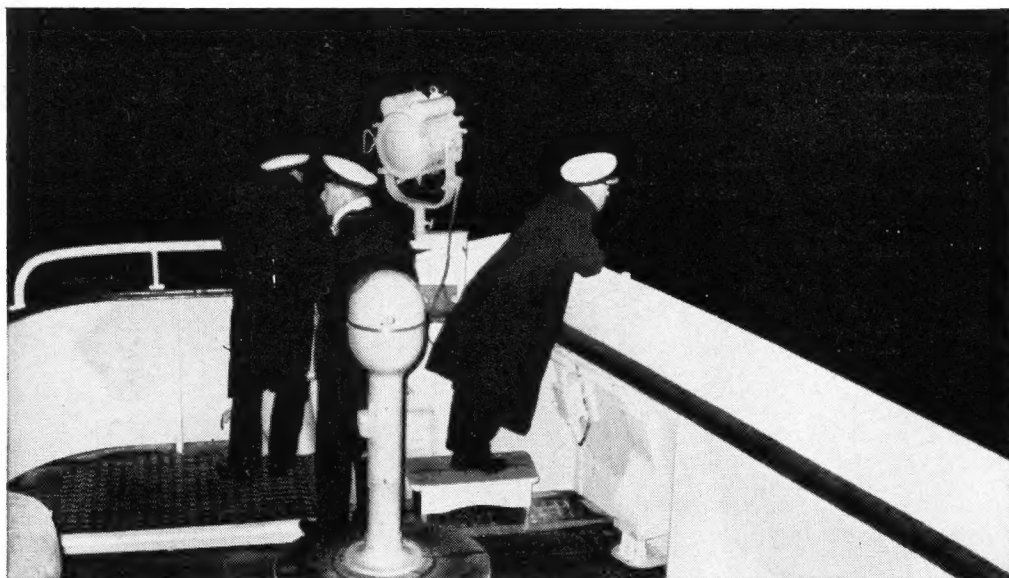


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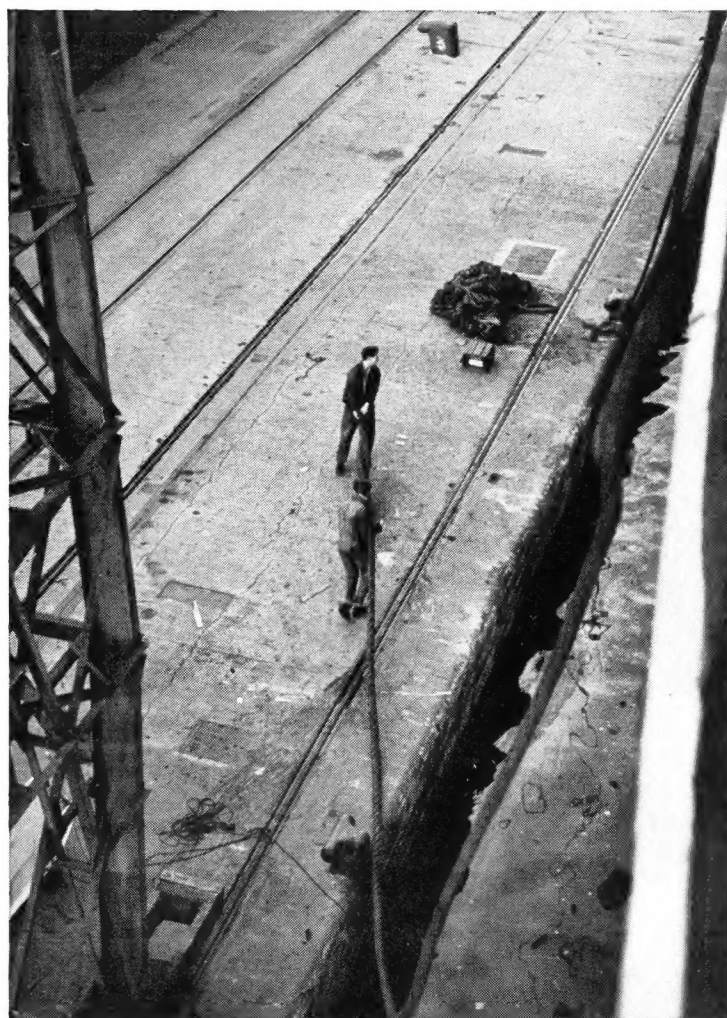
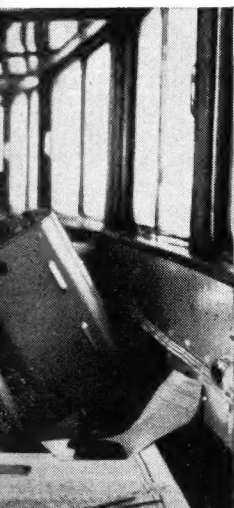


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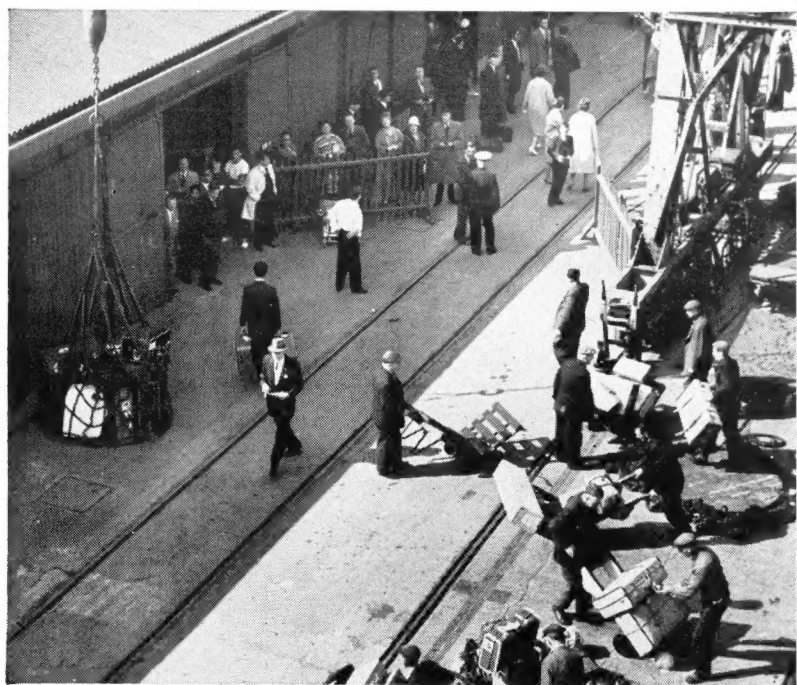


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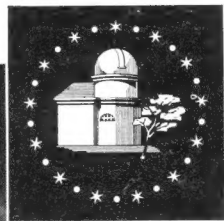
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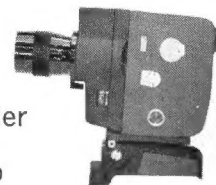
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